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**AMERICA'S LATEST
PLANES**

DOROTHY DECIDES

By Katharine Stuart

MR ROBERT HANSEN told himself that he wasn't satisfied with the girl. She was young, smart, and decidedly decorative, but her self-possession was galling to his dignity as a business man.

He still felt a sense of delicious ownership as he came up the street and saw the board swinging from the first floor: "R. Hansen, Pearl Stringers. Necklets re-threaded by experts. Materials supplied to the trade."

The "experts" mentioned on the board applied solely to Miss Dorothy Terrance.

There was nothing frivolous about Miss Terrance. He might have borne it more easily if there had been. It was her competence that perturbed him.

He frowned down at his desk as he heard her knock on the door of his office. Desperately he picked up the date stamp and pressed it down hastily on his blotting-pad.

"Your tea, Mr. Hansen!"

She had a soft voice, which flattered while it irritated.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he said gruffly.

She put the cup of tea down on his desk while he watched her out of the corner of his eye. At the door she paused and smiled. "I've started stringing Mrs. Carroll's necklace," she said. "What lovely pearls they are!"

"Very valuable!" he replied, without looking at her. "She will be sending for them this afternoon. If you haven't finished them by lunch time... you'd better put them in the safe on the stringing tray."

"In that case, Mr. Hansen, don't you think we'd better lock the safe to-day?"

The safe was a very old one, and the door was apt to stick. They often had to tug at it to get it open. This was rather an undignified procedure, Mr. Hansen decided, and he had decreed that the safe should be left open all day and only locked at night.

Now he considered Miss Terrance's words. If he didn't look out this young woman would be running his business for him! "Oh... no!" he said. "Just put them inside the safe. They'll be all right."

Miss Terrance went out. At one o'clock she called to him from the outer office: "I'm going to lunch now, Mr. Hansen. Will you listen for anyone coming in?"

"Yes, yes!" he answered.

He heard her steps going along the stone corridor.

Suppose he did get rid of her. He didn't want to do that really. He liked her. Yes, he did! He liked her a good deal. Still, in business... If he'd met her somewhere else...

What did she do in her spare time? What had he been doing in his? Sitting here, thinking about her! Suppose she sat... thinking about him!

He sat back in his chair.

Nearly half-past one. Miss Terrance wouldn't be back until two, and then he'd go out.

Suddenly he heard a movement. He had thought for the moment that the outer door was being opened... stealthily. He waited for a second, straining his ears. Hundreds of thoughts came into his mind in those short moments.

Suppose someone had come into the outer office. The building was more or less deserted. The safe wouldn't be locked... And in it would be Mrs. Carroll's valuable pearls.

He sprang up. Cautiously he opened the door between the two rooms. He gave a quick gasp of dismay. A man was standing by the safe.

Hansen hesitated, but even as he did so his arms were caught from behind. Something went over his mouth. Vaguely he saw a second man.

They tied him to the typewriter stool. He was powerless to move



"Why, Mr. Hansen, what on earth has happened?" Dorothy asked, as she opened the door.

or snout. His agonised eyes went to Miss Terrance's desk. He saw the stringing tray. He saw the necklace, half-strung, while some of the precious pearls lay loose in the grooves. He saw one of the little tickets lying on the tray near the pearls. "Mrs. Carroll" was written on it. So, she hadn't even bothered to put it in the safe!

One of the men was prowling round the office while the other finished tying the bonds.

"Better be quick," growled one to the other. "Never know who's about."

"Here! This must be it," said the one who had found the stringing tray on Miss Terrance's desk. "Look!"

"Course it's it!" said the other impatiently. "Look sharp!"

Hansen had to watch as he slipped the pearls into his pocket. He watched them go quietly out. He wriggled desperately, vainly. Mrs. Carroll's necklace. The most important job he'd had. And the thing had been stolen... under his own eyes!

He fretted, he fumed; but it was no use. He'd just have to sit here... like this... until she came back! It was her fault... chiefly! But was it? Anyway, he'd tell her so! He wasn't going to let her get away with this! She ought to have put the necklace in the safe! But to leave it there with that ticket on the tray, too... Telling anyone who might come in: "This is Mrs. Carroll's necklace!" That was what she had done!

Women weren't any good in business. He'd tell her so. He would! He would!

He tried to wriggle towards the telephone. Useless! He was powerless. And she would come in and find him so!

At last she came. She stood on the threshold of the room staring at him. He could see the concern in her eyes. It was very flattering. He realised that, even at this moment.

"Why, Mr. Hansen, what on earth has happened...?"

Quickly she removed the gag from his mouth. He tried to speak but he could only splutter. "T... telephone!" he said.

But she only ran to the desk for a pair of scissors to cut his bonds.

"N... never mind... never mind

me!" he shouted. "Telephone! Telephone! Thieves! Two men... came in! Overpowered me! Mrs. Carroll's necklace...!"

Miss Terrance looked from him to the empty stringing tray. "Wait a minute, Mr. Hansen," she said. She opened her handbag and took out a string of pearls.

He remembered the little choker necklace she often wore. He'd noticed how well it suited her. He'd even remarked on it, in one of his less constrained moments, and she'd laughingly told him that it had cost only shillings. But she'd managed to make it look pretty good, stringing it expertly. "They all look more or less alike on a bit of string!" she had said.

But he was quite unprepared for what she was saying now.

"Safe!" she said, beaming at him. "What?" he cried.

"I really don't think it's very wise to leave the safe unlocked when only one of us is in the office, Mr. Hansen."

"Safe...?" he stammered.

"Well, in this case it's turned out all right," she said in her soft, soothing voice. "I finished Mrs. Carroll's necklace and started doing my own. That was just before one. I left mine on the tray and took the precaution of slipping Mrs. Carroll's into my bag."

"You... what!"

"Of course it was a great responsibility for me, but I thought: 'You never know what may happen... with Mr. Hansen alone in the office and the safe unlocked!'" Her voice sank to a whisper. "You see, it seemed safer with me. After all, Mrs. Carroll was well known for her jewellery... and I thought people might know her necklace was here. I was right!"

Robert Hansen stared at her. What could he say? She had behaved in a disgraceful, unbusiness-like way. She had brought her absurd feminine logic into business. All the same, what she said was true. She had been right!

Well, they'd got over that all right. Robert Hansen didn't know whether to be annoyed or glad. He was relieved, anyway. It had been useless to try to be dignified in such a position. Before he had realised it, he

had asked Miss Terrance what she was doing that evening.

Back in his room he threw up the date stamp and caught it dexterously.

A mistake to bring women into business? Not a bit of it, when you knew how to handle them!

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UGLY SKIN RASH cleared up quickly



What a flop my leaves used to be! A persistent rash on my face made going out an embarrassing ordeal. Nothing seemed to give relief.



One evening a friend mentioned how much Rexona Ointment had helped her. "Do you think it would clear up this awful rash?" I asked.



In the dormitory I borrowed her Rexona. What a difference in only a few days! The irritation died down, scaly roughness disappeared.



I've almost forgotten my trouble now but not that Ointment. When Jim says nice things about my skin I silently thank Rexona.

Rexona Ointment—still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

1/6

Rexona's six healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



Q.46. 27.

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!



Always LOOK FOR THE NAME MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR



Purely Physical

By Dorothy Speare

25 AUG 1943

THE entrancingly pretty girl on the supply officer's steps was meditating so sternly that she did not see the small, eager J.G. until he came to a breathless halt in front of her.

"Oh," she said then, "good evening, Trevor. Do you know a lieutenant at B.O.Q. named Magruder?"

It was hardly Lieutenant Trevor reflected, a dynamic way to greet one's fiancée of three days' standing. His first role with Mary Thurston, the supply officer's daughter, had been that of adviser on how to rid herself of such characteristic flat-footedness, which was due to the fact that up until now in life she had spent more time with books than people.

Rejoining the Navy after four earnest years at college, she had taken a job at the Naval Air Station where her father had been assigned; and when Trevor first met her she had had the intention of studying evenings for a Ph.D.

Trevor had succeeded in changing those evening intentions. Since then he had been floating in that rosy haze where any further change in the beloved object seems not only unnecessary but intolerable. This was the first rift in the lute; but a fresh look at Mary's distracting face made him decide for the moment to pigeonhole it.

"Magruder, at Bachelor Officers' Quarters," he repeated politely. "Why, no, Mary, I don't believe I do. Why?"

"He doesn't know anybody," Mary said. "He's absolutely pathetic. He says that he and all the members of his support force think this is the most unfriendly place he's ever seen. Why, he even says his long-distance telephone bill this month will be from forty to fifty dollars, because he's been driven to calling friends in places like San Diego so he can hear a friendly voice."

"You mean you listened to this fellow," Trevor inquired, "when he was even confessing how much he usually pays to talk?"

"You are getting that same old-school-tie look," she cried, "that father got when I told him about it! As a reserve, you ought to be more broadminded!"

"I thought I had experienced all the drawbacks of being a reserve," Trevor said. "Including a chat I just had with Commander Rogers. But—"

"Commander Rogers?" Mary said. "That's a coincidence. I was planning we'd drop in on the Rogers'. I want to tell Jenny Rogers about a plan I've thought of that takes care of the whole Magruder problem!"

Trevor regarded her in fresh dismay. Commander Rogers was in charge of station personnel. The captain had promised that Trevor was to be transferred from the thankless detail of materiel officer, but the personnel officer did the reassigning. Encountering Commander Rogers at the entrance to quarters, Trevor had taken the opportunity of telling the commander his views on the subject.

"I understand you are the one who decided my new detail, sir," he said. "Perhaps the captain has told you my specialty is radio and navigation."

"Yes, Trevor, the captain told me," Commander Rogers had snapped. "He told me all about how you saved Squadron 65 up north by constructing a jury rig to bring them in on the radio beam when they were lost in the fog. Very dramatic and all that, Trevor. But one grand gesture does not make you better qualified for communications than the men we have there now with years of experience back of them!"

Recalling this interview, Trevor's feelings about seeing the commander so soon again were mixed. Weakly he played for time with the remark that he had not known Mary and the commander's wife were friends.

"There are lots of things you and I don't know yet about each other," Mary remarked. "The trouble with

Trevor went close to the piano and whispered to Mary: "It's getting too noisy and riotous. Think of the commander's displeasure."

us is, Trevor, we have not known each other long enough for our affair to be anything but physical." She got up, teeming with purpose. "Come on! We want to catch the Rogers' before dinner!"

The commander was a big man with a red face. He greeted Trevor and Mary without visible cordiality. "Jenny's bringing highballs," he said. "I need one. I've got five hundred A.V.P.'s coming to-morrow, and no place to put them."

"What are A.V.P.'s?" Mary inquired brightly. "Some new type of bomber?"

"Hardly," the commander said in a suffering voice. "Though most of them think they are. I'm surprised, Mary, that there's something you don't know."

"They're Aviation Volunteer Probationers," Trevor hastily told Mary. "A picked group of men slated for a sixty-day course of training to qualify for non-flying commissions like mine."

"Yes, like yours," the commander said grimly. "In two months they get stripes we work for all our lives." At this juncture Jenny Rogers

fortunately appeared with the highball tray. The commander seized it from her. Jenny, a decorative blonde, took her glass to a corner and sat looking remote. Trevor took the one shoved at him and gulped, while Mary refused hers.

"I want to keep my brain clear," she explained tactfully. "I came over to tell you about a plan for Lieutenant Magruder. Has Jenny told you, Commander, about this poor Lieutenant Magruder we met this afternoon?"

WHERE were you meeting lieutenants this afternoon?" the commander demanded, turning to Jenny. "I thought I told you—" "Oh, for gosh sake," Jenny said. "We went down to the Restricted Area to see those models of small advance bases, and Magruder was detailed as our officer escort. Want to make something of it?"

Mary got a firm hold here to tell all about poor Magruder and his fellow officers. Her plan, she said, was going to improve their morale. It was a question of establishing a liaison between B.O.Q. and the

station, which in turn must have a liaison with the town.

"Jenny will represent the station," she hurled blithely against the commander's ominous silence. "There'll be a notice on the B.O.Q. bulletin board for everyone in search of congeniality to report to Mrs. Rogers; Jenny will register names, ages, and social preferences, and turn them over to Edith Baker. Edith is a friend of mine from college who lives in the town and knows everybody. I have telephoned her already. Diana Yates'll help, too. Her husband's a reserve officer."

The commander put his glass down heavily. "Mary," he said, "it is a tradition of the Navy that we expect officers to look after their own morale, and if they can't they're no good."

"Tradition!" Mary cried. "England has had to get rid of her old-school-tie attitude and break with tradition. And so will we, if we want to win this war!"

"We will not win the war by pampering Magruder," the commander said. "I have no sympathy with this scheme, and neither has Jenny."

"Speak for yourself, dear," Jenny cooed. "Me, I'd love to be a liaison for lonely officers." She looked at her husband's set face and added hastily:

"Now run off, Mary. . . . We'll talk this over to-morrow . . ."

Someone was waiting for them on Mary's steps.

"It's Magruder," she whispered. "I kept meaning to tell you I said he could come with us to-night if he paid for his own dinner, but somehow there never was a right moment!"

Not only was the fellow tall and handsome, if you liked that black Irish type, but he was also a Senior Grade. Mary went through the introductions and vanished into the house with the stammered intention of speaking to her mother before they left.

"Lovely evening, isn't it, Lieutenant?" Magruder opened. "I was wondering what we could do to-night after we dine at this Tulips Inn. Miss Thurston mentioned dancing, movies, the dog races, anything's okay with Magruder. Bowling now, there's a nice little bowling alley in the town where I and a group of friends meet every week—"

"I thought you didn't have any friends around these parts," Trevor said.

"They're only empty acquaintances," Magruder said with hasty mournfulness. "To whom I give the courtesy term. You know how it is? Anyway, maybe we're not in the mood for bowling to-night. Right now the big noise for a moonlight night is to get out on the lawn and play stick-knife. I was at a dinner party the other evening in one of those big Newport houses—"

"Newport, huh?" Trevor said. "Some more empty acquaintances?"

"Not empty," Magruder said judicially. "Just hollow. That's all that Newport social crowd is to me, Lieutenant. Hollow. Well, maybe we're not in the mood for stick-knife, either. But it's sweeping the country. The other night I was at the Friendly Tavern and I bet the girl with me I could get every man in that bar to stop drinking and come out and play stick-knife in the tavern backyard, and let me tell you it cut the bar take so heavy it was lucky I'm pretty well known there or they'd have thrown me out!"

"The Friendly Tavern, huh?" Trevor said. "They certainly weren't empty or hollow there, were they?"

"No," Magruder said with a sigh. "Just futile. That's all bar camaraderie has ever been for me, Lieutenant. Fu—"

"I'm sorry I took so long," Mary panted, reappearing. "If we hurry we can still catch the seven o'clock bus."

"It didn't seem long," Trevor assured her. "Lieutenant Magruder and I have been having a most interesting talk."

When they were started on the bus for town, Magruder resumed his debate upon evening possibilities. "But, naturally," he said, "it depends on where we'll be. On what side of town is this Tulips Inn?"

"If you don't mind, Magruder," Trevor said gently. "I'd rather we didn't go there to-night. You see, Mary and I had our first date there, and, uh, I'd sort of rather we went somewhere else."

Mary stared at him with dropped jaw. But Magruder was not a fellow to recognise his own rhythm. "It's all the same to me, old man," he assured Trevor, soothingly. "Wherever you say, that is okay with Magruder!"

"Thanks, old man," Trevor said gratefully. "I'd like to see this Friendly Tavern you mentioned. It's one of those dumps so near the station you always pass it by," he told Mary, while Magruder's mouth opened and closed without sound. "Oh, there it is now, right ahead, isn't it, Magruder?"

Please turn to page 4

Only Good Health Gives Vivacity

AND EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO BE ADMIRER

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism; but people who eat too much, neglect exercise, and disregard pasty skin, dull eyes, inner stagnation, and aches and pains soon become "back numbers." The science of happiness is in regulating and well-caring for every organ, tissue, and fibre of the body. The trusted way is to "internally bathe" yourself with R.U.R., which contains a most reliable laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/- everywhere.



FRY'S
CREAM
TABLETS

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE
FOR GENERATIONS

**Aunt
Polly
says**



This world would be lots pleasanter if folks could see ahead as far as they see behind, and act accordingly.

Folks wonder how Dad and I come to hand back so many clothes coupons last ration-book day. Soon as they start to use Rinso they'll know how it's done. Those suds are that rich and thick it's no wonder precious clothes last.

Some girls are so dumb you can forgive 'em for bein' pretty.

Lucky is the bride that a rich uncle beams on.

And lucky the bride who starts right in with Rinso soon as she's married. My stars, but there's nothing like Rinso to make linens last. Why bother with any other soap, I say, when Rinso keeps a trousseau so fresh and new-lookin'!

Rinso's richer, thicker suds
make the whole wash sparkle



A LEVER PRODUCT

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Purely Physical

Continued from page 3

THE front door of the Friendly Tavern opened into the bar. Magruder led the way with the idea, Trevor figured, that he could travel through more speedily. It gave Mary and Trevor a better view of the pretty girl on a stool at the bar who seized Magruder's sleeve as he attempted to pass.

"Darling," she cried, "I haven't seen you for so long; and we used to look so well together!"

Mary walked rapidly through to the restaurant, and Trevor followed. They found a stall where Magruder joined them, looking rather hot. Mary regarded him in dignified question. "You don't seem to have been very lonely here," she observed. "One is most lonely in the midst of maddening crowds," Magruder said. "And hollow acquaintances."

"The Friendly Tavern word was 'futile,'" Trevor reminded him. "Remember, Magruder? Your Newport acquaintances were the 'hollow' ones and your weekly bowling group was 'empty.'"

"Newport!" Mary said. "Bowling group!"

Another pretty girl had appeared at the edge of their stall. "So this is that station duty you broke our date for," she hurled at Magruder. "Too bad I happened to drop in and spoil it."

She flounced off. Magruder gave Mary a sickly smile and excused himself.

The next day Trevor had the duty, which was complicated by the arrival of Commander Rogers' A.V.P.s. He was at the telephone when Mary walked into the duty office, looking abnormally meek. "Can't you see I'm busy?" he snapped. "I beg your pardon, Commander. I wasn't talking to you, sir. Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

He hung up and looked crossly at her. "He's been bad all day, and now he's worse. We certainly fixed things up with our social call about poor Magruder!"

Mary's lip trembled. "Oh, Trevor. I called Diana this morning to tell her not to put up that notice in B.O.Q. And can you imagine how

awful? Her husband was going down to the station last night and took it along. She said she's had quite a few calls already, and there was no reason to suppose everybody's like Magruder. When I told her, from what I saw last night, this town is already paying plenty of attention to officers she just wouldn't listen."

"You are thinking about yourself, as usual," Trevor said. "All I am thinking about is that if there is any worse job around here than materiel I'll get it."

"Oh, Trevor," she moaned. "I'm so sorry. I don't see how you can love anybody so egotistical and blind and self-willed. So—"

"Neither do I," Trevor brought himself back into the picture. "I suppose it's just physical, the way you said."

She gulped pathetically. "I take it our engagement is broken?"

"It was just an affair," he reminded her. "You said so."

For two days the A.V.P. invasion kept Trevor so busy that for minutes at a time he was able to refrain from thinking of Mary.

However, on Saturday morning she telephoned him. "From the point of view of sheer self-interest then," she said, "maybe you'd like to hear that Jenny called this morning. She feels very bad that she was too busy the other day to be casual and social. She invited us to dine with them to-night at the Officers' Club."

Trevor hesitated briefly. "All right," he said with, he hoped, a suitable reluctance.

They met Jenny and the commander around seven at the Officers' Club bar. The commander was restrainedly polite and Jenny cordial. The only cloud in the sky was the congestion of A.V.P.s.

The difficulty lay in the fact that they were, as Trevor had told Mary, a picked group because of outstanding ability in whatever business or profession had been theirs. With such successful backgrounds it would, perhaps, have been impossible for them to be as suitably retiring as the freshmen at school that they now virtually were. But they showed no signs of trying.

Among their outstanding qualities, most of them possessed an easy social charm that manifested itself on this, their first Saturday night in uniform, by graciously putting the Navy at ease. If an officer sat in a corner he was at once befriended by several of these egregious fellows who seemed anxious to give the Navy the benefit of their broader lives.

When the commander's face started to go from red to beet, Trevor suggested they anticipate the dining-room rush. Mary surprised him by actually getting his ideas and seconding it.

When they came out into the lounge Trevor's spirits sank a little to see that the A.V.P.s had not gone home to study, as had been hoped. But Mary again pleasantly surprised him by proposing that they go downstairs, where there was a new game-room. It was only afterwards that Trevor remembered she had spoken rather loudly, so that any of the masses of A.V.P.s around them could have heard.

In the game-room there were a few station officers and wives who, as they had crept for cover from the crowd. The commander challenged Trevor to a bowling match. Jenny became absorbed in a pin-ball machine, and Mary watched Trevor let the commander outscore him with squeals of admiration.

And then the A.V.P.s came down like the locusts in Egypt.

All at once everyone knew one another and they were all playing games together, because, of course, as Trevor heard Mary remarking to one of the A.V.P.s, a game-room was an introduction whereas a lounge and bar were not. The commander was stuck with his bowling match, discovering that he and Trevor had become captains of opposing teams which were obviously shock troops intended to keep them deployed while the attack closed around Jenny and Mary.

Jenny found herself surrounded by enthusiastic backers for her pin-ball game, while Mary in no time at all had confided to several A.V.P.s that she just loved singing old college songs in parts. She and the A.V.P.s rushed to the upright piano at the end of the game-room and began to harmonise to excellent

four-hand improvisations that were rendered by herself and one of the youngest and best-looking A.V.P.s.

Mary had a clear soprano which, Trevor learned later, had been developed in her college glee club days; at the moment he did not care. The commander's face was purple, the other station officers registering varying degrees of sourness as an array of reinforcements, hearing the noise from above, presently jammed the room.

More A.V.P.s came to co-operate, and more regular Navy to preside with quenching looks over the situation that was rapidly approaching a carnival, with Mary's buoyant harmonisers as its focal point.

Trevor finally walked over to the piano and managed to mutter in Mary's ear, "It's getting much too riotous! Think of the commander's displeasure."

"All right," Mary cried; "then we'll sing hymns! Hymns are the most fun harmonising of all!"

At one voice she and the A.V.P.s modulated into Rock of Ages. It was all the commander needed to take steps. He was, in any case, the official terminator of Saturday night revelry at the Officers' Club. The captain had given him the unpopular job of seeing that everyone was out and the club dark by midnight. It was true that it was now only eleven-thirty. But, as he pointed out in a loud voice on the way home, when things got in a state like that, you needed some time to calm them down.

"But, of course," snapped the commander, "you girls were encouraging those fellows to conduct unbecomingly their rank! I mean their lack of rank! I told four of those pip-squeaks to report to me Monday morning. They'll learn a little more about the behaviour expected of them then! This is your door, Mary. I'm sorry I can't say it's been a pleasant evening."

"See you to-morrow, Mary," Jenny said.

"We're going to have a talk about that," the commander said. "I think you girls do better apart!"

For once in a stunned silence, Jenny moved off with the commander. Mary sank down on her doorstep.

"There goes my last girl friend here," she wept. "I'm not speaking to Edith and Diana because they won't stop doing the Magruder plan. And now the commander won't let me speak to Jenny!"

"Never mind," Trevor said dreamily. "I'll fix him."

"Oh—Trevor," Mary wept afresh. "Here I am being egotistical again. Thinking only about myself, and not how awful it is for you to be in wrong again with the commander!"

"I guess I don't mind any more about your being egotistical," Trevor said. "It was the way you laughed and switched to hymns when I said it was too riotous. It made me stop being sore. I guess it means I like you the way you are."

"Trevor—," she faltered. "The other night I wouldn't let you kiss me because I'd been a fool. To-night I've been one all over again, but—I don't really feel the same way about it."

"I am not going to kiss you until to-morrow," Trevor said. "When I will have proved our love is a constructive thing by fixing the commander about Jenny and those A.V.P.s. Will you go to church with me in the morning?"

"Of course," she cried; "but why? And how are you going to fix the commander?"

"The bishop of the State is spending the day here to-morrow," Trevor said. "The captain is very High Church. . . . Good night. I have to start fixing."

After Church the next day Trevor took pains to reach the door with Mary at the same time Jenny and the commander approached the bishop, who, flanked by the captain, was greeting his flock. The captain held out his hand to Trevor with an accolade-bestowing smile.

"Excellent job, that choir, Trevor," he said, and turned to the bishop. "This is the lad responsible for the music we had this morning, sir."

A smile spread over the bishop's gentle face. "I was just telling the commander I have seldom heard better singing by a professional choir," he said. "It has been truly an inspiration."

It was rather an inspiration with Lieutenant Trevor, I believe," the captain said. "As I understand it, he heard them singing at a party last night, and went to their quarters after the party was over and got the whole thing together there."

"May you have more of such parties," said the bishop. "And what magnificent Church attendance. It is easy to see there is no morale problem in this station. On which you, Commander, as personnel officer, are to be felicitated!"

While the commander tried to smile at the bitter recollection of those swarms of A.V.P.s who had no more reticence about going to church than going anywhere else, the bishop continued with relentless goodwill:

"And speaking of morale, Captain, allow me to congratulate you on this new system you have provided for your officers to meet congenial families in the town. Already the response of your B.O.Q. has made the town feel quite ashamed not to have realised before that officers miss home and friends and community life quite as much as girls and good times."

"Mary organised that," Trevor poured into a sudden void. "It's called the Magruder Plan. . . ."

"Two enterprising young people," the bishop glowed. "We must depend on our young people more and more, mustn't we, Commander?"

That line, together with the commander's utter inability to respond, was the immortal trifle that Mary and Trevor dwelt upon afterwards.

"Everything has come out just like a story, hasn't it?" Mary said. "Although I may not see much of Jenny in the future, even if the commander does let me, because I have been thinking she really is rather flighty. No. From now on, outside office hours, I shall be too busy with my morale work to have time for Jenny."

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VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL

**3-WAY
RELIEF
FOR**

**STUFFY NOSE
DUE TO
HEAD-COLDS
AND
CATARRH..!**

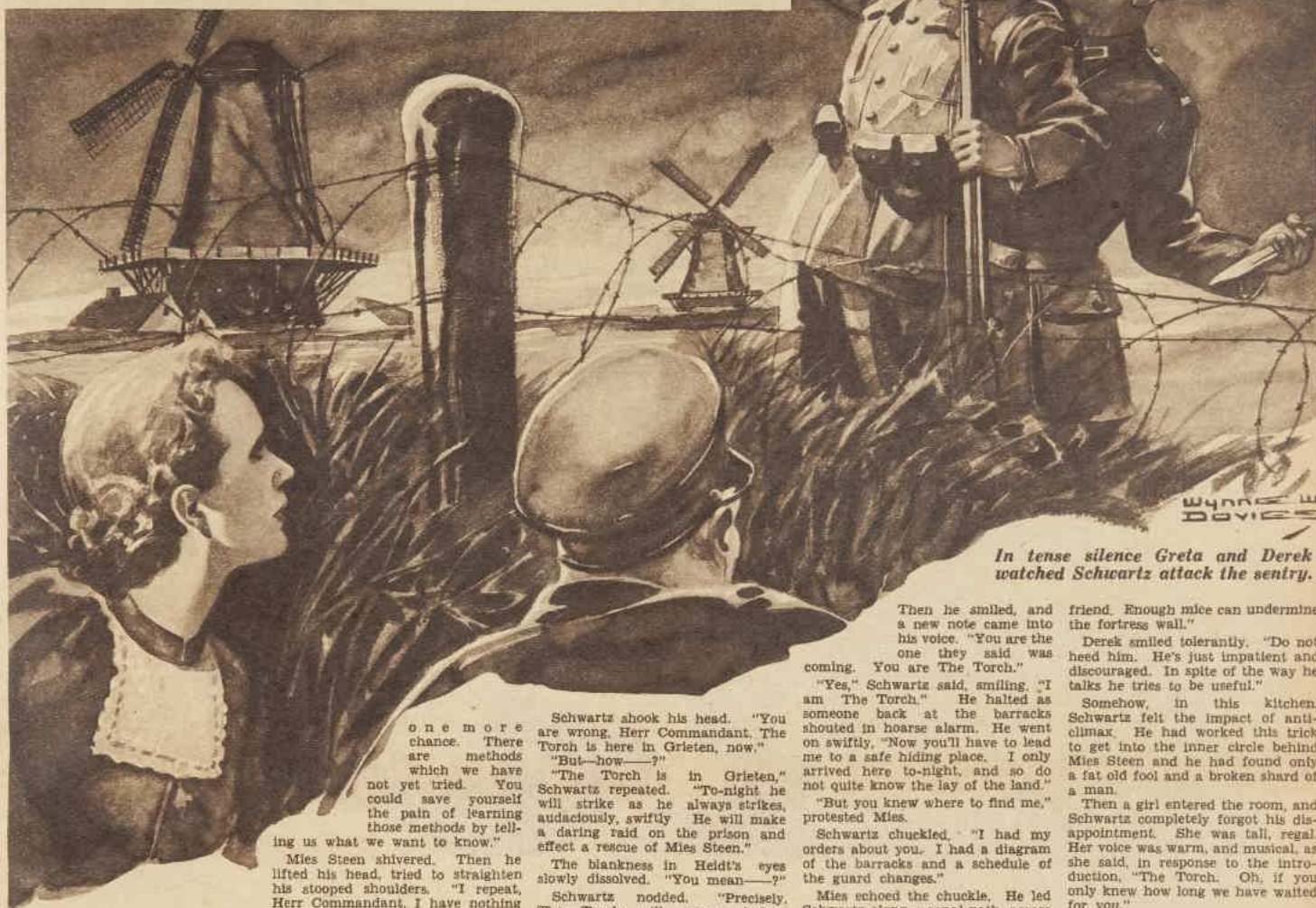
Just put a few drops of
Vicks Va-tro-nol up each
nostril.

1. Shrinks swollen membranes.
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3. Helps to clear clogged nasal passages and make breathing easier.

A FEW DROPS
UP EACH NOSTRIL

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

TORCHLIGHT IN HOLLAND



Wynne Davies

In tense silence Greta and Derek watched Schwartz attack the sentry.

COLONEL SCHWARTZ looked out across the flat Dutch landscape as two men came along the road, their wooden shoes clacking on the cobbles. He saw their faces as they passed, impassive, heavy. He clenched his fists.

The two men were symbols; stubborn clods who clung to a vain hope when hope was dead. They refused to accept a proven fact—that a new order had been born in Europe. Across the conquered continent fools clung stubbornly to a shattered hope. The knowledge gave edge and power to his purpose. If they did not accept, they must be crushed into acceptance.

He turned from the window as the door in the outer room opened and closed and heavy feet thumped on the floor. He stood back from the door, where he could see without being seen. He had come here without being seen. That was his business.

The man between the two guards stopped before the desk and looked down at the seated, pudgy figure of Commandant Heldt. His story was written on his face, a ravaged face with deep lines of agony. Yet, as he stared at Heldt there was no break in his heavy impassivity.

"You are wasting your time, Herr Commandant," he croaked. "I have nothing to say to you."

The cold impatience grew in Schwartz. This one was an example. The man in the outside room was a man of Grieten, Mies Steen. He had been caught red-handed in an attempt at sabotage. Heldt knew that Steen knew the identity of the leaders in the ceaseless sabotage and espionage. So Heldt and his men had tried to make Steen talk. They had made a crippled old man out of his husky young manhood. But he had not talked.

Heldt said in his impersonal guttural, "I am prepared to give you

one more chance. There are methods which we have not yet tried. You could save yourself the pain of learning those methods by telling us what we want to know."

Mies Steen shivered. Then he lifted his head, tried to straighten his stooped shoulders. "I repeat, Herr Commandant, I have nothing to say."

Commandant Heldt shrugged. "You have only yourself to blame for what may happen. Take him back to his cell."

Schwartz came out into the light of the outer office and glared at Heldt. "This, then, is the sum of your knowledge. You are certain that Steen's friends are planning some major act of sabotage," he said.

Heldt nodded. "We hear the echo of rumors. We know that they are planning something. But nothing that we have been able to do has brought us anything more definite." He pounded on the table, and his face swelled with impotent rage. "Always it is like that. We hear rumors that an airfield is to be bombed. Before we have time to take steps the English bombers are over, blasting the field. A convoy enters the river. Again the rumors. And again a visit from the English bombers. Now this latest rumor. Also, that other one that persists that The Torch is coming."

Schwartz felt the cold rage inside him deepen and sharpen at the sound of that name. The Torch. The man was an elusive flame which he had followed from country to country. Safe in England now were hundreds of spies and saboteurs who had been snatched from the grasp of the Gestapo by The Torch.

A dozen times the Gestapo had almost captured him. But always he had slipped out of the net and struck again, devastatingly and bewilderingly. Outwardly Schwartz gave no sign of the passion that shook him. His voice was controlled, icy. "Are you sure that this Torch is not already here?"

Heldt's voice was confident. "If he were here we would have known. The rumors say that he is coming to Holland. He is not here yet."

Schwartz shook his head. "You are wrong, Herr Commandant. The Torch is here in Grieten, now."

"But—how—?"

"The Torch is in Grieten," Schwartz repeated. "To-night he will strike as he always strikes, audaciously, swiftly. He will make a daring raid on the prison and effect a rescue of Mies Steen."

The blankness in Heldt's eyes slowly dissolved. "You mean—?"

Schwartz nodded. "Precisely. The Torch will appear before Steen's cell, release him, and take him out. Naturally, Steen will be sure it is The Torch. He will be eager to lead him to his friends. His friends will be eager to talk of their latest plans, looking to The Torch to help them."

Heldt smiled broadly. "Splendid, Herr Colonel. It has the marks of genius."

"You will hold your men in readiness, Herr Commandant, those here and those in the garrison at Lorcum. I will have following me six of my own men. I will send word by one of them as soon as I get my information. You will carry out whatever orders I send you, completely, swiftly. That is all."

As he opened the door leading to the ground-floor cells Schwartz glanced around him once more to make sure that his setting was convincing. The guard was lying on the floor, loosely sprawled. To his left was the hoarse murmur of the voices of the men in the guard-

room. He went along the corridor, calling softly, "Mies Steen."

Then he was unlocking the cell door and watching the big man as he stumbled out.

He said tersely, "Quickly!" then put a hand under Steen's arm and assisted him. It was the sort of thing The Torch would do. He was remembering all the information he had gathered about The Torch.

They went through the door into the night, with Schwartz whispering, "I took care of the guards outside before I entered."

He could feel Steen tremble as they walked through the darkness. He said, toning his voice to gentleness, "They gave you a bad time of it, Mies."

Mies growled. "Yes, the dogs!"

Then he smiled, and a new note came into his voice. "You are the one they said was coming. You are The Torch."

"Yes," Schwartz said, smiling. "I am The Torch." He halted as someone back at the barracks shouted in hoarse alarm. He went on swiftly. "Now you'll have to lead me to a safe hiding place. I only arrived here to-night, and so do not quite know the lay of the land."

"But you knew where to find me," protested Mies.

Schwartz chuckled. "I had my orders about you. I had a diagram of the barracks and a schedule of the guard changes."

Mies echoed the chuckle. He led Schwartz along a canal path, across a field to a tiny, unlighted cottage. "Derek Tonckens will help us. The Nazi pigs do not suspect Derek; fat old Derek who is always so loudly counselling co-operation with the Nazis."

Schwartz felt the cold rage touch him again. The results of this night's work would give him much pleasure.

After Mies' knock on the back door a voice called guardedly, "Who knocks?"

Mies' voice shook. "Open, Derek. It is I, Mies Steen."

Derek Tonckens was a mountain of a man. He stared in blank amazement from Mies to the stranger.

"It is The Torch," Mies explained eagerly. "He rescued me."

Derek welcomed them both with restrained enthusiasm as he led them into the room and closed the door after them. Seated on a chair in the corner was another man, shoulders bent forward dejectedly. He glanced sourly up at Schwartz and Mies.

Schwartz knew the type; the sullen, bitter, resentful men who were already beaten.

Derek Tonckens said: "This is Jan Meers, from Rotterdam. His family were killed when the Nazis bombed the city. He came to us a week ago when Rotterdam grew too hot to hold him."

Jan Meers spoke in a sullen growl, looking at Schwartz: "If you are so smart, my clever friend, you will show me how to get away from this dead land and find a place in England. I am growing weary of playing with little mice who nibble at the corner of the castle pantry and dream of bringing the fortress down."

Schwartz made his smile friendly. "Do not let your pessimism fool you,

friend. Enough mice can undermine the fortress wall."

Derek smiled tolerantly. "Do not heed him. He's just impatient and discouraged. In spite of the way he talks he tries to be useful."

Somehow, in this kitchen, Schwartz felt the impact of anticlimax. He had worked this trick to get into the inner circle behind Mies Steen and he had found only a fat old fool and a broken shard of a man.

Then a girl entered the room, and Schwartz completely forgot his disappointment. She was tall, regal. Her voice was warm, and musical, as she said, in response to the introduction, "The Torch. Oh, if you only knew how long we have waited for you."

Schwartz felt swift elation rising in him as Derek Tonckens said simply, "My niece, Greta. . . . This one must not face a firing squad. There must be a way to save her from that."

Then Derek frowned. "But this is odd, your coming to us. We expected you to join us later to-night at a meeting place with the others."

Schwartz met this revelation with alert smoothness: "There was a change in my plans. It was thought best to get Mies out of prison first." His tone changed: "I understand that there is work waiting for me; that something big has been planned at which I can assist."

Jan Meers growled, "Nibbling mice. They will catch us all and the fortress will still stand."

Derek did not glance towards Jan. He beamed on Schwartz. "The Gruenfeldt Dyke," he said. "It goes up in three hours."

Schwartz gave an involuntary start. "The Gruenfeldt Dyke? Surely you are joking. You could never blow up the Gruenfeldt Dyke. No point is better guarded."

Derek chuckled. "We grew tired of small ventures. This one is planned on a grand scale. We have a hundred well-armed men for this. We have machine-guns which the British kindly dropped for us. We have hand grenades and plenty of explosives."

"But the risk. There will be an alarm. There is the garrison here and at Lorcum."

Derek shrugged. "Maybe there will be an alarm. But it will take time for the soldiers to get there. It is three miles from here to the Dyke. It is a mile farther to Lorcum. By the time the soldiers get there our men will have scattered. The Dyke will go up, and the sea will pour in, to cover the airfield at Lorcum and the ammunition dump."

Please turn to page 20

By BERTRAM B. FOWLER



THEY FLY AND FIGHT FOR

FREEDOM

*"Never before in the field of human conflict has so much
been owed by so many to so few."*

—Winston Churchill.

And so our once baby sons, loved and nurtured by mothers under the Freedoms of Democracy, have filled our hearts with pride . . . and sometimes with aching sorrow. These dauntless Sons of Empire, through their courage . . . initiative . . . and self-sacrificing devotion . . . have shown the world that a free people will always triumph over a race which is nationalised and regimented. Nevertheless, for war, even free peoples must temporarily be regimented, so, remembering those who bear the greater burden, let us ungrudgingly make our sacrifices, thus doing our part to speed the day when we will all again be free.

Dedicated to the future greatness of Australia

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Limited. Makers of Fine Hosiery and Lingerie

LADY IN HAZARD

By
CAROLYN OGDEN

RED SHUTTERS, holiday guest-house in New South Wales, is the centre of sensational happenings. The dangerous German internee, OTTO VON GRAUPNER, escapes in the district; MARGARET HEYDON, his former employee, motoring to the guest-house to meet her sister SHEILA, fails to turn up; JOE DANVERS, odd-job man, is found dead in a ravine.

MR. FIELDING, proprietor, and MRS. SHASTERS, housekeeper, try to reassure Sheila about her sister, and eventually Sheila receives a telegram from Margaret, despatched at the township of Meringbah and saying that she has met a friend and delayed her arrival.

Sheila tries to settle down and interest herself in the other guests, who include KEN CUNNINGHAM, a cynical young man; the borse-some LESLIE DASKEY; MILE MOREAU, a French refugee; and MR. FALWAY, with his beautiful niece, LORICE, who has just quarrelled with SQUADRON-LEADER GERALD DESMOND. But on a trip with Ken to Meringbah she learns from the postmistress that when Margaret sent her wire she was accompanied by a foreigner.

Returning to Red Shutters, Ken decides that he should report this to the police.

Now read on—

KEN looked at his watch. There was no time to telephone the policeman at Benton before the exchange closed.

He halted in the corridor. By the table at the foot of the staircase stood Falway and Lorice, turning over some illustrated papers. Then Sheila came along from the office.

"Any message?" he asked. She shook her head.

"I want to talk to you for a few minutes," he said. "In private."

"In private?"

"Yes. Will you come to my room, or shall I go to yours?"

"Won't it do later?" she asked. "You don't know how tired I am. I'll have a bath and change, and you can talk as much as you like."

"I'm afraid this can't wait," he said, gently. "It's very urgent."

"Is it about Margaret?" she asked, with a faint eagerness.

"In a way, yes. But please come upstairs."

She nodded. The Falways looked up and smiled as they reached the foot of the stairs.

"Where have you two been?" asked Lorice, for once including Cunningham in her smile.

"We'll tell you all about it later," said Cunningham.

They were half-way to the turn of the stairs when a plaintive voice hailed them from below.

"Oh, Miss Heydon . . . just a minute, Miss Heydon!"

It was Daskey. He was waving his hands about as though practising semaphore signalling, and his face wore a heavily rogulish expression.

"What is it, Mr. Daskey?"

"Confound the fool," muttered Cunningham. "See him afterwards."

But Daskey would not be denied. "Just a minute," he pleaded.

"Really, Miss Heydon, you'll be sorry if you don't. I mightn't give you another chance."

Sheila went down the stairs again, followed by the scowling Cunningham. Daskey held his hands behind his back. Falway stared in amazement at his antics. Lorice looked bored.

"And now," said Daskey, "which hand will you have, Miss Heydon?"

"Really," she begged, "what is it all about?"

He held out his right hand. There was a small silver object lying on the palm.

"One of your buttons," he announced plaintively. "I found it this morning after you'd gone. It's off that blue frock. I knew it at once, and I've been carrying it about with me all day."

Cunningham watched Sheila's eyes narrow as she took the little silver disc. She turned it over and over, studying it.

"Where did you find this?" she asked finally.

"Quite by accident," said Daskey. Lorice and her uncle had joined the group, and he was delighted to find himself the centre of interest.

"Actually," he explained, "it was rather extraordinary. I was hitting a golf ball about, and it landed right in the centre of a little pile of leaves in the drive in front of the house. I played the ball out, and hanged if I didn't play the button out as well. Of course, I didn't know it was a button. I only heard the tinkle, and thought I'd dropped some money. But when I picked it up and saw what it was I said to myself, 'My word, Miss Heydon will be glad to have this.' I knew at once whose it was. It's one of a set, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Sheila. "One of a set." She was still staring fixedly at the button. "But it isn't mine."

Lorice bent over. "May I look?"

She took the button and held it to the light. "What a curious coincidence. It looks exactly the same to me."

"It is the same. But it doesn't belong to me. All mine are on my frock."

Voices droned along the corridor. The Big Four, Mrs. Carew-Poole in the van, were perambulating slowly from lounge to vestibule. Falway was at Sheila's elbow, examining the button in Lorice's hand. Cunningham was standing on the stairs, a few steps above, lighting a cigarette. He stood aside to allow Mile Moreau to come down.

"Then if it isn't yours," said Mr. Daskey, "I just don't see—"

"I'm sure it's one of yours," said Lorice, handing it back.

"There are twelve buttons like this," said Sheila. "They were especially made for my sister by a friend of hers. Margaret gave me six of them. Mine are all on my frock. I know they are."

"I think," said Cunningham, "that you'd better have a look just the same. They might not be."

Mademoiselle uttered a startled cry. Her nose had started to bleed.

"Good lord," cried Daskey, dramatically alarmed. "A key! Quick—a key!"

He stared around as though expecting to see keys hanging in festoons on the wall. "Mrs. Shasteters—Mrs. Shasteters!"

"Where did you find this?" she asked, holding the button in her outstretched hand.

"But it isn't mine. Mine were all there this morning. Do you believe me or don't you?"

"I believe this," said Cunningham. "The button that's missing from this dress didn't fall off. It was cut away. You can see that for yourself."

"Do you believe me when I tell you they were all there this morning? Do you think I'm blind, or crazy, or something?"

"Speak lower. We don't want everyone in the house to hear my opinion. Yes, of course, I believe you, and I don't think you're either blind or crazy. Are you satisfied? The question is, who does the button really belong to?"

Lorice and Sheila helped her upstairs, Cunningham and Daskey following. She thanked them with gleaming eyes, but a grave-tinged voice, and closed the bedroom door behind her.

"And now, Miss Heydon," said Daskey, "what about that button?"

They filed into Sheila's room. Daskey gazed eagerly around, although what he expected to find was not very clear. Cunningham stood in the doorway, an apparently disinterested spectator. He saw Sheila open the wardrobe door and take out the blue frock. Then he heard her sudden quick intake of breath.

"There is one missing . . ."

Lorice and the triumphantly smirking Daskey departed. Cunningham still stood in the doorway. But now he closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

"Let me see the button."

Obediently she handed it to him. He compared it with the other five on the frock. "It's exactly the same. No doubt about that."



"Wring out a cloth in cold water," said Falway. "Hurry, Lorice."

Lorice fled kitchenwards. Mrs. Shasteters, roused by Daskey's shouts, came bustling from the direction of the office. Fielding and his wife hurried after her. Halburn, the newly arrived guest, loomed up in the doorway, staring at the commotion in justifiable amazement.

Daskey continued to demand keys, while Mrs. Shasteters waved her hands and suggested ice. Lorice came flying back with enough wet cloths to put out a fire, but the little Frenchwoman waved them aside, faintly asserting that if she were helped to her room she had there some adrenalin that would serve the purpose better.

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"To my sister, Margaret. She's been here. She must have been."

"Don't raise your voice," said Cunningham, quietly. "Pull yourself together. Even if there were dozens of other sets of buttons just like that—"

"There aren't."

"Even if there were, and if one of a dozen other girls had dropped this, there still wouldn't have been any need to cut one off your frock. There's only one reason for that. Someone must be covering her tracks for her. You realise that, don't you?"

Please turn to page 14

Make Eight Bottles Of Nice To Take Cough Remedy for Cost Of One

Wise folk will save money by making their own family remedy for overcoming the ills of winter chills by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" (costs 2/-) to sweetened water, thus making one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the best ready made up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" is guaranteed to act as quickly as any remedy known to medical science, and as it is nice to take and does not contain harsh drugs it is equally good and safe for all members of the family.

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Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT corset prevents a lot of unnecessary tiredness caused by the drag of heavy muscular areas.

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Cadbury's Bourn-vita at bedtime induces healthy, natural sleep. The Vitamin B, phosphorus and calcium it contains are good for high-tensioned nerves, while it is specially light and easy to digest. Of

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BOURN-VITA AT BEDTIME FOR DEEP, RESTORING SLEEP



ARMFULS OF BABIES in the nursery of the new maternity block of Whyalla Hospital. Sister Ruth Kelly carries one, Sister Evelyn Hudson two.



MOTHERS AND BABIES en masse visit the Health Centre at Whyalla daily to consult with Sister Mary Pomroy. Seven hundred and sixty babies have been born in Whyalla Hospital since it was established.

Whyalla, S.A. boom town, begins to grow up

Spirit of comradeship lightens many pioneering difficulties

By FREDY YOUNG

Whyalla, boom town of South Australia and only privately owned town in the Commonwealth, is beginning to grow up . . . and not without a few growing-pains.

The growth of this great steel town is so rapid that it looks as though it will never quite catch up with itself. From 1500 five years ago the population has now reached just on 8000, with 2700 on the Broken Hill Proprietary Company's payroll. Not many in this fascinating gulf town don't belong to "the company," as they call the B.H.P. locally.

POPULATION objective is 35,000, and they're off to a flying start.

Already pioneers of a year or so lament to the pioneers of to-day: "Once I knew everyone in the town. Now I hardly know a soul."

And there are those who say that until you've seen the Whyalla pram parade you've seen nothing.

I've seen it and marvelled. Seven hundred and sixty babies have been born in the lovely Whyalla Hospital in its three years of life.

And 60 have come since the beginning of June, when the spick-and-span maternity block was added.

The hospital staff has not escaped Cupid's arrows. Already it has lost four sisters and nine nurses to marriage.

Sister Mary Pomroy, who is in charge of the Mothers and Babies' Health Centre, says that 89 per cent. of mothers up there are splendid.

I've seen them, too, and marvelled again. Because being a mother in Whyalla, a sort of Australian Eldorado, isn't the easiest job.

It is not so bad for those who live in the artistically designed and gaily painted homes put up for employees by the company, or in a State Housing Trust home, or in one they've been lucky enough to have built for themselves.

But for those out in North Whyalla, in the shack-tent-caravan locality, there's no comfort whatever.

Water problems

WATER has to be bought by the tankful, and many a washing or tub day has to be postponed until the carrier can manage to bring it up.

"It will be lovely when the pipeline is finished and River Murray water gets here," they all say hopefully. That'll be the day. One of Whyalla's growing-pains will disappear then.

As pioneers of a new town, the people pay a price.

The north wind is something to be reckoned with. It brings clouds of red dust which seeps in through hessian windows and ill-fitting doors.

When it rains, which it doesn't do much in Whyalla, the water is just as likely to pour through the shacks as not. Then neighbors rally round and find beds in their own tiny abodes for the temporarily bedless.

Random estimate is that 90 per cent. of this State's caravans of the pleasure-loving pre-war days now serve as homes to people who've heard the call to Whyalla.

There's a great spirit of comradeship among these pioneers.

In times of sickness they care for each other's children, and prepare meals for each other.

And they lend their prams around. The shops can't cope with the demand for new ones.

For all their trials and tribulations, however, these people are the cream of the earth. They have youth, regular work, good wages, abundance of fresh air (even if it's sometimes at the rate of 65 miles an hour), hope, and happy comradeship.

There are lots of things they don't have, too.

"This is a young people's town," you hear everywhere. In fact, old people are at a premium in young Whyalla.

Recently the B.H.P. imported 300 apprentices from all over the Commonwealth. These lads board round the town, and one afternoon a week in the company's time, and one evening in their own, they attend the brand-new and modern multi-purposes High School.

Home building

BUILDING has been a problem. Since the boom began five years ago about 1100 houses have gone up—each on a quarter of an acre allotment.

Four hundred have gone up under the B.H.P. employees' scheme, 320 out of 400 S.A. Housing Trust homes are complete, and 400 have been built privately.

There are still many houses unfinished. Some are being put up by block-holders in their spare time.

When the Lands Department made blocks available they took steps to eliminate land speculation. Blocks ranged in price from £25 to £40. Altogether the Government made available 1300 blocks, 50 of them for shops.

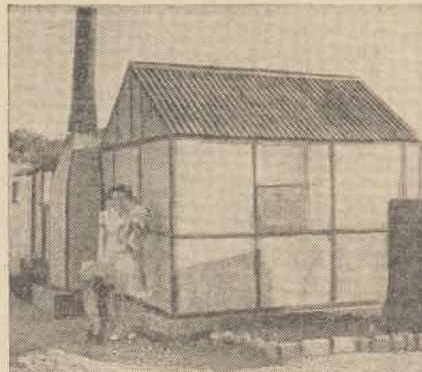
Naturally, a town like Whyalla attracts many interesting personalities.

Take Ken Reed, for instance. One day this young man, "mercator and naturalist," as the telephone book describes him, hopes to have a flourishing zoo.

His interest in nature has taken him all over Australia. One trip to Darwin resulted in the introduction to Whyalla of its first crocodile. This infant he keeps warm in a heated glass bowl at his home.

He has kangaroos and emus, and is now building an aquarium out there for some rare newts and fish.

I walked out to the Presbyterian Hall, a goodly distance, to meet two interesting people from Korea. Miss Amy G. M. Skinner came to Australia in 1939, but her friend, Miss Margaret Alexander, got out just in the nick of time.



EXTERIOR. Mrs. E. R. Deuter with Ian, 21 months, and Colleen, four months, outside the little house built by her husband on their own block at Whyalla.



INTERIOR. Twinkling aluminium ware, colorful cretonnes, and housewife order have made a real home of the Deuters' three-roomed house.



KEN REED, Whyalla's naturalist, has the nucleus of a zoo. Note the infant crocodile on his shoulder.

They worked as Presbyterian missionaries for many years in Korea.

Now Miss Skinner conducts the Presbyterian Mission Band for girls of from eight to 13 years. Folk dancing, verse speaking, basketball, swimming, and meeting procedure are some of the subjects.

Baking day

TO Miss Alexander go the heartfelt thanks of many young Whyalla mothers; for she has started a kindergarten, the only one in the town.

Their little home is made of a couple of old railway carriages built into a galvanised iron shack. When I was ushered in cake making was in progress, for some charity function in the afternoon. It all looked homely and inviting.

This little place is one of the tiny nuclei of culture of which Whyalla has, so far, only too few.

Lack of cultural development on a scale commensurate with Whyalla's great industrial expansion is, I should say, this town's greatest growing-pain.

Up on the hill of North Whyalla I met quite another sort of personality. He was John Joseph, hawker, living in a queer sort of caravan and trailer.

He is one of the best-known

identities on the Murray, where he was on the roads for 43 years.

But the war changed his destiny. It stabilised him . . . and now he is a sort of emporium for shacktown. He sells all sorts of soft goods, a veritable treasure-trove in trunks, cases, and canvas.

I met lots of mothers of large families. I went into many shacks. In one I found the most modern of blond furniture.

The home that delighted me most was that belonging to dainty little Mrs. E. R. Deuter. Her home is at the far end of the town. It is like a doll's house, with a doll's garden.

Inside it is Home, with a capital H. To cross the threshold is like stepping into some sort of bright garden. It is hung with floral cretonnes.

A bowl of artificial flowers is a colorful reminder of what one may expect when the water gets out there. And her aluminium ware shines like silver.

Her babies, Ian, 21 months, and Colleen, five months, reflect a mother's care and devotion.

Mr. Deuter, who works for the company, is building a "bitas" motor truck. He is also building an outside underground room ready for next summer.

First year of their married life the Deuters spent in a caravan. Their little three-roomed house is to be replaced later by a bigger and better one.

I was interested to meet Mr. Hartley M. Searle, new headmaster of the High School. With his coming it is hoped by many music-starved Whyallians that music will get a fillip. In addition to holding degrees of B.A. and B.Sc., he is a musician.

He told me that in time he hopes to make the High School the town's cultural centre.

At the "Surgery" I met Sister Madge McConville. She has been with the B.H.P. for 15 years. She is in charge of the surgery, which is a kind of out-patients' department, at which three doctors attend.

Once she acted as district nurse and midwife as well as looking after the surgery.

In ten years Whyalla produced 200 children. In the last three years there have been 700. That'll tell you whether Whyalla is prosperous!

When the boom started in the town Sister McConville's work became too much. Then the Mothers and

Babies' Health Centre sent up Sister Pomroy.

I met Mr. R. T. Kleeman. He is the superintendent of the town. Nothing much happens there without Mr. Kleeman's O.K.

He has an office at the works, two sides of which are of glass, so he has a comprehensive view of the gigantic works to north and south as far as they go.

And a magnificent view of the gulf, which most times is a lovely shade of aquamarine. But most dwellers of this promontory town have that.

Saving trees

MR. KLEEMAN told me that it is the company's intention to electrify the whole town.

"We want to avoid the chopping down of the few trees for firewood," he said. "We have a tree nursery, and intend to plant in a big way to save erosion and keep down the dust."

I saw the abattoirs erected by the company, also their dairy, with its pasteurising plant, at which three of the four milk vendors are women.

I saw the company's men's quarters, where 330 single and married men live. They comprise five sleeping and bathing buildings, and separately housed are an up-to-date kitchen and dining-room, a modern laundry, and a handsome recreation room, at which Whyalla's most enjoyable dances are held.

I attended a rollicking dance in the Institute, a political meeting, and an open-air picture show. "Life's a whirlwind in Whyalla," a young blood said.

I saw the spectrum effect achieved by painted fences down a street of B.H.P. houses—red, green, orange, mauve, and blue fences, with roofs, steps, and woodwork to match.

I saw the new ice works going up, and one night patronised the town's piecart.

And I met the town's two pink dogs—one a greyhound and the other a terrier. Their color they derive from the iron ore at the loading jetty where they gambol.

But I regret that I did not see Whyalla on pay Friday. This once-a-month event brings every man, woman, child, motor car, pram, and dog crowding into the heart of the town, where fun is fast and furious.

A sight to be seen to be believed, I understand.

Editorial

AUGUST 28, 1943.

COURAGE IN NEW GUINEA

OUT of the recent fighting in New Guinea have come more tales of digger courage that make all Australians proud.

Sixteen Australians were ambushed by the Japanese. They spent nine days in the jungle, seven days without food and water, yet thirteen men got back.

Some idea of the endurance that backed their will to survive may be gained from the fact that the average loss of weight was three stone.

Every day there are similar stories.

In the Mubo fighting, for instance, a handful of Australian gunners was beating off an attack by more than a thousand Japanese.

While things were at their hottest, a young Victorian, Private G. L. Smith, walked erect from gun-pit to gun-pit carrying billies of tea.

Then he crawled out into no-man's-land and feigned death until he could drag a wounded mate to safety.

He was one of several recorded heroes of the same engagement and, doubtless, there were many more.

For jungle warfare seems to breed heroes. It is peculiarly individual warfare, with each man pitting himself against the enemy in personal combat.

Compared with the invasion operations, which called out a colossal fleet to sail on Sicily, and the tremendous struggle in which armies are locked in Russia, the fighting in New Guinea is admittedly on a small scale.

But in terms of human endurance and inspiring personal courage it has proved Australian fighters to be giants.

—THE EDITOR.



MERCHANT NAVY PRISONERS in a German prison camp. Colin Evans (second from right in centre row), second officer of a merchant vessel which was sunk by a German raider in the Pacific, sent the photograph to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Evans, in Brisbane.

War prisoners write home

This week's Letters from Our Boys come from prisoners of war in Germany and Italy.

Sgt. John MacGregor Foote, of the British Army, in Stalag XXB to Mrs. A. Pennie, Novaba Cres., Como, N.S.W.:

"WE'VE had pullovers and underwear from Australia in our Red Cross parcels.

"They were made by the children of Willaura, Victoria. The boys here are grateful, and wish to thank the movement through you."

Pte. R. W. McLeod in Stalag XVIII A to his mother, Mrs. E. McLeod, 2 David St., Frankston, Vic.:

"SUMMER is here in all its glory, and sport is in full swing in the camp.

"We have two quite good tennis courts and a dozen racquets, and we have ten teams forming a tennis league.

"There is also a Soccer league, in which I play, and also a contract bridge league, so we have plenty to occupy our minds. Being back in camp at noon every day, we have plenty of time.

"I received two clothing parcels this week, dated November."

Cpl. T. C. Godwin, Stalag VIII B, Germany, to his mother, Mrs. E. M. Godwin, 63 William St., Roseville, N.S.W.:

"ANOTHER Easter is here, Easter Sunday to-day, and a day off. Rare things, day's off, but it makes a man appreciate them all the more. Plenty of sport to-day, and at the moment the band is playing, so we are not doing too badly.

"Wonderful crowd of chaps here, mostly Scots. They are the cream of the earth, and have been life-savers to me.

"Bags of mail from all lately, 50 letters in the last three weeks, also my fourth next-of-kin parcel, complete with sheepskin vest. It is beautiful.

"Do not worry about my working in a mine. Mines are nice, dry, warm spots, and perfectly safe. Moreover, the work is good hours short, and the time goes quickly."



AUSTRALIAN RUGBY TEAM in Stalag 8B, Germany. Pte. Clarrie Follett (second from left) sent the picture to his mother, in Oakleigh, Vic.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 5/- is paid.

Cpl. Paddy King, Sulmona Camp, Italy, to his mother, Mrs. M. Dix, 54 Wilson St., Redfern.

"WE saved up for nearly three months for my twenty-third birthday dinner. We had scrambled eggs, bacon, onions, and fried bread, with apple pudding, gooseberries in syrup, and chocolate custard topped off with biscuits, cheese, and coffee.

"It is not often we have a blow-out like that, and it is due to the Red Cross, as it all came out of our food parcels."

Sig. C. O'Meara, Stalag XVIII B, to Mrs. M. Adams, Servante St., Sunshine, Vic.:

"I SHALL never forget those first months as a prisoner, when this world of ours seemed upside down. Can I ever forget the day when the first mail from home arrived in camp.

"We have a lot to be thankful for to the different authorities and organisations who have worked in harmony, making it possible for us to receive letters of love, hope, and encouragement from our folks at home."

Pte. Henry Nicholas, in Germany, to his sister in Guildford, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE just finished a very strenuous game of soccer—Ausies versus Kiwis, and, by gee, it was a good, hard game.

"Needless to say, we won, 6-4, and I don't think there was a man on either side who didn't have square inches of skin missing.

"I'd like to send you the notice they put on the notice board to advertise the game. By gee, some wit flies round this camp, and there are more comedians here than have ever appeared on the stage.

"I'm sure having a great experience if nothing else.

"I've done quite a bit of barbering since I've been a P.O.W. When I was at a working camp I used to cut all the boys' hair and a few of the civvies', and now I'm in Stalag I cut about a hundred blokes' hair a week."

Pte. Jack Burke in Germany to a friend in Geelong, Vic.:

"A FEW of us are hard at work preparing an Easter concert, which, we hope, will temporarily enable us to forget our surroundings.

"I'm quite well, thanks to the Red Cross, which has just enabled us to indulge in a sumptuous repast of fried potatoes, eggs, tomatoes, and bacon, washed down by a goodly brew of oatmeal.

"With the aid of gramophone, trumpet, accordions, and ukulele, we run occasional dances, and as we also take part in games of Soccer against other camps, you will see that the lighter side of our life is being well catered for."

Interesting People



SERGEANT JOHN CURTIN

... voted for Dad

JOHN CURTIN had a new voter of special interest to him in his constituency this election—his only son, John, who came of voting age after his father achieved Prime Ministership. Young John, who is 6ft. tall, registered his first vote from Darwin, where he is a sergeant with a Hudson bomber squadron. Has been two years in the R.A.A.F.



S/O. CATHERINE SEWELL

... technical research

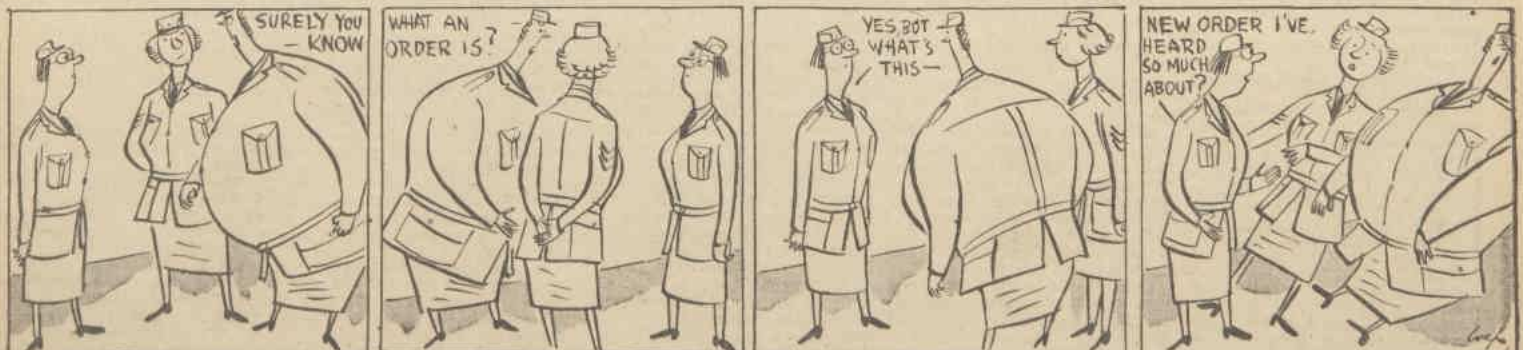
UNUSUAL job in Air Force for Section-Officer Catherine Sewell, W.A.A.A.F. Attached to a technical section at R.A.A.F. Headquarters, she does research work on many different things, from camouflage paints to vitamin tablets and dehydrated foods. Recently completed analysis of Japanese food rations. Is now compiling an aeronautical handbook. Is Bachelor of Science, Melbourne University.



MR. A. F. SHARP

... Queensland Red Cross

RETURNED A.I.F. soldier of last war, Mr. A. F. Sharp, of Brisbane, is newly elected chairman of Queensland Red Cross. "It's a big job, with great responsibilities under present heavy demands on Red Cross work in northern areas," he says. Has been vice-president Queensland Red Cross Appeal committee since 1939. Is member of war damage commission advisory panel.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



MARGARET KERR, popular rhythmic singer, who will be heard in the new 2GB musical feature, "As You Like It," which begins on August 25, at 8 p.m.

New radio session of music

Feature from 2GB

"As You Like It," a half-hour musical show, will make its debut before an Australia-wide radio audience from 2GB and Macquarie Stations on August 25 at 8 p.m.

THIS programme will present to Australian audiences their favorite musical numbers in a way designed to set a new standard in symphonic rhythm.

The versatile orchestra will be conducted by Montague Brearley.

He plans to present music in the style of America's Kostelanetz and England's Louis Levy.

The leader of the orchestra is Miss Phyllis MacDonald, one of the top-line violinists in this country.

The show will be produced and compered by Jack Davey.

In every presentation of "As You Like It" Australian talent will be used. Listeners are invited to send in requests for their favorite musical items, and also to state their preferences among Australian singers.

Those already lined up for "As You Like It" are all leaders in their particular fields, and include Alan Royal, The Three Shades in Blue, 14-year-old Joan Clarke, Joy Nichols, Pam Corrigan, Margaret Kerr, and Brian Lawrence.

These are some of the Australians who will be featured in the presentation of to-day's hit tunes, of which five will be included in each programme.

The balance of the programmes will be made up with a popular musical comedy item, in which such stars as Wyn Richmond, Marie Burke, and Kathleen Goodall will be featured; a well-known ballad to be sung by such singers as John Fullard (who will appear when naval duties allow him), Harold Williams, and others; and orchestral items.

Already, in response to a query for listeners' favorite numbers, thousands of letters have flowed in from every part of Australia.

These letters will be a guide in the choosing of the programmes, which are, therefore, sure to find favor with listeners.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 25: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 26 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, August 27: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, August 28: Goodie Reeve presents "Sadie" competition, "Melody Programme."

SUNDAY, August 29 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 30: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 31: Musical Alphabet.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOthAR: His giant Nubian servant, are helping PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, accused of stealing money at a bazaar, also Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft. Mandrake knows the thief is Grando, his ex-assistant, who hypnotised the victims while

he took the money. Mandrake is trying to prove this. Grando hypnotises and kidnaps Narda and Smith. Smith's son, Danny, had tried to prevent his father from accompanying Grando, who now plans to kill both and make the job appear as murder and suicide.

NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



SISTERS AT A CASUALTY CLEARING STATION. Playing chess are Sisters Plowman and Atkinson, and from left at back are Sisters Paton, Bailey, Truscott, and Deignan.



Driver P. La Franchi, Ballarat, patient, with pet lizard at regimental aid post.

From regimental aid post to convalescent home

How Army cares for sick and injured men in training

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has just completed a tour of operational areas.



RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOME for servicemen, Faversham, where men from all States have recovered from injuries and illnesses.



GOOD EXERCISE. Sister Deakin, of a casualty clearing station, doing her daily dozen with the skipping-rope.

We have now seen something of many types of medical care for the soldiers in Western Australia. We have visited regimental aid posts, field hospitals, casualty clearing stations, army hospitals, and convalescent homes.

Genial climate, freedom from epidemics, healthy camp sites, good food, preventive hygiene, the physical benefits of routine army training in the open and other factors are keeping the troops in such fine health that, at present, demands on medical and nursing staffs are not heavy.

THE general rule is that men improve in health. Again and again Army doctors and officers training the troops have told us that young fellows who came in a year or so ago with poor or indifferent physiques have now been transformed into sturdy men, considerably heavier and often taller.

But right throughout the tour we have been impressed with the efficiency and thoroughness of the organisation in existence to deal with large-scale casualties, should that be necessary.

Medical officer in charge of an armoured unit is from Melbourne. Included in his medical staff are Captain J. W. Best, formerly on the staff of Lewisham Hospital; Captain J. Gribben, Canowindra; Captain L. W. Martin, W.A.; Captain A. C. Bell, Victoria.

There are light field ambulance

headquarters and advance dressing stations, where wounded are collected from regimental aid posts.

Lieutenant S. H. Goddard, Ashfield, is quartermaster at the main dressing station. Primary function of this station is the preparation of wounded for evacuation. Cases go from here to the casualty clearing station.

A kerosene refrigerator has been provided by the Red Cross for storing blood. Steel boxes ensure hot drinks throughout the night.

Music in wards

THERE are two general wards, one for infectious cases, and a mobile operating tent. The gravelled floors are regularly watered and kept hard. A gramophone from the Red Cross supplies music.

The huge admission tent is lined with light-proof fabric. Nursing orderlies in attendance included Corporal A. Murphy, Newcastle; Sergeant K. Somerville, Mascot; Cpl. W. Woods, Goulburn; Corporal Tom Morgan, Goulburn; and Lance-Corporal W. Dargan, Crow's Nest.

Ambulance drivers and personnel on duty included A. J. Johnson, Leichhardt; James Morecom, Hurstville; Sergeant-Major S. W. O'Donnell, Randwick; R. G. Altken, Stanmore; M. Dale, Manly; H. Lynn, Cremorne; Sergeant G. H. Stacey, Drummoyne; Private A. Blow, Earlwood; K. Cullen Strathfield; J. Enright, Newcastle; N. Lane, Coogee; W. Hoskins, Cooma.

At a casualty clearing station, to which cases are brought by the field ambulance to be treated before being evacuated by ambulance train, are the nursing sisters, who are the only women in the units.

Sister S. Paton, Longueville, N.S.W., is in charge.

Assisting her are Sisters J. T. Truscott, Wallsend; N. Plowman, Orange; B. Atkinson, Bexley; M. Bailey, Merriwa; E. Deignan, Too-womba, Queensland; R. Berry, Wollstonecraft; and M. Parker, Wingham.

The sisters like the work and the

conditions. Vases of bougainvillea and geraniums decorated their tent.

Pretty cretonne coverings, a wicker chair or two, and a sewing-machine, gift of a neighboring friend, were added feminine touches.

A drive through some of the best pastoral lands of this State brought us to an Army hospital, where a large number of Eastern States men from adjacent training camps can be cared for.

Matron of this large and excellently equipped hospital is Matron E. A. Connor, who nursed in an Australian general hospital in the Middle East in the last war.

Workmen were engaged in the air-conditioning of the operating theatres.

Flowers and vegetables were thriving among the long lines of nurses' and A.A.M.W.S. tents.

Football injuries and casualties among the "Don R's" account for a lot of the cases in this hospital.

In one ward most of the patients were chatting with visitors. By the time this is published they will be fully recovered. One was getting a lesson in occupational therapy, a beautiful blue felt elephant doing nicely in his hands.

Face downwards, Pte. V. P. Gavin, of Fitzroy, was reading a book—he has an injured back. Sergeant E. Wykes, Marrickville, and Driver J. Rodda, Newmarket, had leg injuries.

Our next visit was to Faversham, a picturesque old home presented to the Red Cross for all time by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Monger as a convalescent home for men of the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

It is a home with a history. Built by Mr. Monger's father, the main part is over a century old, and the two wings over 80 years old.

Faversham is staffed by a matron, seven permanent members of various Red Cross Emergency Service companies, and four E.S.C.s who come for two to four weeks.

Matron Eileen Monger, a granddaughter of the former owner, is the only trained nurse on the staff.

Forty patients can be accommodated in the large, lofty rooms. Pottering around in the beautiful garden, a favorite occupation, or playing billiards, cards, table tennis, or just lazing cooly in the sun enjoying the superb view of rolling green pastures, all the patients I talked to warmly praised Faversham.

Giving a hand with the washing-up in the kitchen was Pte. Ken Maher, of Pennant Hills. He had just turned 22.

"I've no idea how they got to know about it," he said. "So you can imagine my surprise when I got a lovely birthday parcel from the matron and staff—socks, razor blades, cigarettes, handkerchiefs. Gee! These are the kindest people!"



MATRON E. MONGER, of Faversham Red Cross Home, and Miss Davies secretary-quartermaster.



NURSING ORDERLIES at a dressing station. Front row: Cpl. Morgan, Lance-Cpl. W. Dargan, Cpl. English, Sgt. Somerville. Back row: Cpls. Thorp, Woods, and Murphy, and Driver Brenchley.

TOUGH GOING ALONG THE JUNGLE TRAILS



ON THE WAY TO SALAMAUA. Australian veterans near Salamaua realise they have never fought a nastier combination than the jungle and the Japanese. Pte. Jim Regan, of Kalgoorlie, W.A., and Pte. Neville Pretty, of Coleraine, Vic., share a cigarette on the trail.
—Photos from Dept. of Information.



KITCHEN in mountainside fed Allied troops. L. to R.: Pte. L. Woolley, Footscray, Vic.; Pte. L. Oates, Wangaratta, Vic.; Pte. B. Buck, Bendigo; Sgt. R. Young, Oregon, U.S.A.; W/O. S. Woodcock, Tongala, Vic.; Pte. F. Bellett, Donald, Vic.; and S/Sgt. L. Ridge, Deniliquin.



WASHING DAY on Mount Tambu. Sgt. Ernie Spencer, of Brunswick, Vic.; S/Sgt. Ivan Smith, of Hamilton, Vic.; and Cpl. Laurie Barker, of Manly, N.S.W., are cooking a meal.

"I REALISE she's been here. She must have been. But they all — Mrs. Shasters — Fielding —"

"They may not all have known," said Cunningham, reasonably. "The trouble is we can't tell who did. I should say the household would, but one can't be sure." He paused a moment, then his eyes narrowed until they were mere pin-points of light.

"You remember telling me that the old man—old Joe—said he'd seen you before?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well . . . he knew."

He moved quietly across the room, turned the key and flung the door open. "No one there. But there's nothing like taking precautions."

She was still staring at him wide-eyed. "You mean . . . someone killed him?"

"I have no proof."

"But it was an accident!"

"There's no proof of that, either. There's no proof of anything, that's the trouble, except that your button was cut off."

"But I don't understand. Why should anyone do that?"

"It's fairly obvious, I think."

She was amazed at the change in Cunningham. He was like a man suddenly roused to complete awareness after a long sleep. His voice had regained the incisive quality which had surprised her the night they had found Joe's body.

"Daskey threw a spatter in the works when he found that button. Or, rather, when he showed it to you. As soon as you saw it you recognised it as belonging to Margaret. Right. The thing was to prove that it was yours, against the evidence of your own memory."

"While we were arguing there, someone rushed up to this room and sliced off one of your buttons. But they hadn't time to make a proper job of it. It would have been better if they hadn't bothered. This is too obvious."

"But who? You were standing on the stairs all the time, and I was at the foot. No one came up."

"Not up those stairs."

"There aren't any others."

"As far as I know. But there may be leading into the kitchen."

Continuing . . . Lady in Hazard

from page 7

"No. I've been in the kitchen. There are no stairs there."

"There must be stairs somewhere. And someone ran up them to do this little job. I'm glad they did, too, in a way."

"Why?"

"Because—" he looked at his watch. "It's after six. That infernal exchange at Benton will be closed again. This place is worse than an island."

"Why are you glad?" she persisted.

"Because it's altered something I'd decided on." He hesitated a moment. "Listen, Sheila, just before that happened I told you I wanted to speak to you. Remember?"

She nodded.

"I had made up my mind to report the possibility of von Graupner's being with your sister. I wasn't going to do it behind your back."

She turned sharply on him, her eyes furious. "Report it!"

"I had to. You must see that."

"I don't see it at all."

"For everyone's sake. Your sister's particularly. If she's with him, the sooner he's caught the better."

Her lips quivered. "If you want to turn—what do they call it—informer, what's stopping you? I can't. I'm only a girl. Go right ahead." Her tone was edged with contempt. "Tell the world my sister has cleared out with a German spy. Have her arrested with him. And everyone will think you're wonderful. I know what I think."

"But listen, Sheila—"

"I won't listen. If I'd had the slightest idea you'd— But I might have known better than to trust you. Go on. Ring someone about it. Ring the police. Have her hunted down. You'll get your photograph in the papers. I shouldn't wonder."

As he came towards her she backed away to the dressing-table, her face frigid with scorn. But he came on and put a hand on each shoulder.

"Don't touch me," she said. "Keep your hands away!"

"Sheila Heydon!" he said, steadily. "You're only a little girl. Will nothing make you understand that you're in danger?"

"From what? It's no use informing on me. I've done nothing."

She broke away from him, and flung herself face downwards on the bed, trying to stifle her sobs. Cunningham watched her with troubled eyes. Why the devil, he wondered savagely, had he ever come to Red Shusters? And how glad he was he had!

Her sobbing died gradually away. She rose, crossed to the dressing-table, and flicked some powder on her face.

"Thank you," she said, quietly.

"For what?"

"For not telling me to stop. If you had, I'd have kept on howling. I'm sorry I called you names. I'll listen to you."

"All right, but remember, I'm not trying to make you think I've got the right answer to everything. I'm only guessing." He was standing with his back to the door, listening for any sound from the corridor.

"Forget the idea that the button Daskey produced was the one cut from this frock of yours. Daskey may be an enterprising fellow where women are concerned, but he wouldn't go to those lengths to make himself popular with you. I think we can say he found it all right. It must have been a blow to him when you denied ownership. It was a good job for us that they tried— whoever they are—to deceive you. Now we know where we stand."

"Where I stand, you mean?"

"We, I said. You're not in this alone."

"I've no right to drag you into it."

"I'm in it, whether you like it or not. I thought I'd made that clear. Don't be difficult, Sheila. You don't imagine I can stand by and watch, do you? I told you that one man's been murdered already."

"You can't be sure of that," she said uneasily.

"I will be before this is finished. And I don't want to see you murdered in the meantime."

She looked incredulous. "What—here in this house?"

"Why not? Any place is good enough to stage a murder if you need one. A quiet, gentle, accidental murder."

"But who is it? Not Daskey, anyway. He found the button."

"That proves nothing. He thought it was yours. He would not know about Margaret's half-dozen. There isn't one of them we can trust from now on."

"But it doesn't make sense. If Margaret has been here, why lie about it? It all seems so fantastic."

"There are some people, obviously, who don't think it ridiculous," he said. "I can't explain what's behind it, but I do know that the sooner we get in touch with the outside world the better. I wish Desmond would turn up to-night. He came yesterday, and went away without seeing me."

"What about this man Halburn? He couldn't possibly know anything about it."

"How can you tell? For goodness' sake, don't mention any of it to him. Say nothing to anyone for the time being."

"Not to Fielding?"

"Fielding! What did you think of saying to him?"

"I want to tell him point blank that I know Margaret has been here."

"For heaven's sake!" he cried. "You mustn't do anything like that. It would be sheer madness. What would Fielding say?"

"What could he say?"

"It wouldn't matter what he said—the trouble would be that he'd know that you know. You can bet your life there are several people in this house asking themselves whether they got away with that button business. You've got to let them think they have."

"How can I?"

"You must. We're playing for time. First thing, you must thank Daskey for finding it, and in front of as many people as you can. And smile as though you meant it."

"I'll try."

"And there's something else. It'll make it easier for you, too, in a way. After dinner get Lorie at the piano. Make her sing. Those four women will be playing cards, so they won't move. Lorie's singing will hold the rest together."

"What are you going to do?"

"Go to bed—presumably. I want to mooch round a bit. Just to test out a theory."

"But Fielding and his wife—that Shasters woman—they won't be in the lounge."

"They'll probably be over at their own quarters. I'll just have to keep an eye lifting for them."

"And if the rest won't stay put? They may start mooching about, too. You don't know what might happen. I'm not going to let you run risks on my account."

"There'll be no risk."

"How do you know? If this is as important as you think, there must be. I won't have you going into danger."

"Keep a grip on yourself, Sheila, or you won't be fit for anything."

"And I suppose you're fit to do everything? You came here because you'd been ill. Anyone can see that. It's written all over you."

"All this isn't much help, you know," he interposed.

"I won't have anything happening to you," she reiterated obstinately. "You've done enough."

"Nothing will happen. It wouldn't matter to anyone if it did. I thought I'd made that quite clear."

"Don't you think it might matter to me?"

Cunningham put his hands on her shoulders and looked into the depths of her steadfast, grey eyes. Loyal and true and brave! What more could any man ask this side of heaven? But this was not the moment. If he were ever to make her speak they must be words from the heart, not from the plucking of overstrained nerves.

"I'm glad. I was hoping to count a little with you, but I thought I might have lost all my ground a while back. Don't you worry about me, Sheila. I told you I'm a hard man to kill."

He walked slowly back to his room. Why try to deceive himself? He loved her. He had loved her from that first moment, that first sound of her voice, that first glimpse of her face. Here at last was the girl who would go through anything for the man she chose. Perhaps every man thought that of the woman he loved, but he had better reason than most. And when she chose there must be no revoking.

He must wait, therefore, until this strange tangle was unravelled, until perspective was restored. And having waited? Was it fair to let her choose him—if, indeed, she would? Had he anything to offer in return for her loyalty, her splendour, courage? In this war-wrecked world, had he anything to give but the wreckage of war?

Three days before he would have answered no. Now he was not so sure. He had believed that the light within him was extinguished. Her words had kindled it into renewed flame.

WALKING into the lounge that evening Sheila felt like an insufficiently trained lion-tamer who enters a cage alone. These people must be kept together, in this room, for at least half an hour, and for a whip she had only her wit.

She took a brave grip on herself and asked pleasantly: "Lorie, didn't I hear you singing the other afternoon?"

"Maybe, a little."

"It sounded much more than a little to me. But the music-room's so far away and I only caught the end of it."

"Then you must hear the beginning," supplied Palway, warmly.

"Lorie's teacher is beginning to say all kinds of extravagant things about her."

Mademoiselle pricked up her ears and murmured that there had been a time when she had a voice. Even now she had by her some of her old songs. She would fetch them.

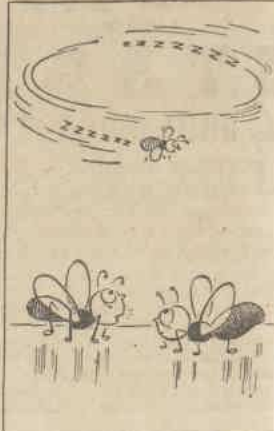
But Sheila implored her to be still, reminding her that after losing so much blood she was in no fit condition to climb stairs.

"Why not bring them down tomorrow morning, Mademoiselle, and we'll try them over after breakfast?"

Miss Moreau agreed that she felt far from well, and perhaps should even now be in her bed. The agitation in her heart—the ringing in her ears—

"That is nerves, Mademoiselle," insisted Sheila, briskly. "Which means you need brightness and company. It would be very bad for you to retire alone when you

Animal Antics



"Junior's growing up. He's buzzing baritone."

feel like that. Let me make you more comfortable here."

Defiantly she settled some cushions behind the thin back and persuaded Mademoiselle to lift her feet on to the sofa. "It is not bed you need, just rest," she insisted brightly, "and some of Lorie's singing."

Lorie was still flapping listlessly through the songs of the music cabinet; Palway had apparently settled before the fire for an hour; the Big Four were, as usual, completely absorbed in their game, but Daskey was looking decidedly restless.

He was evidently in no mood for music, and looked as though he might, like the Arabs, fold his tent and silently steal away.

"Do you sing, Mr. Daskey?" asked Sheila, suddenly.

To herself it sounded unwarrantably abrupt, but Mr. Daskey's vanity was happily of that order which made delightful almost any reference to his existence.

"Well, I could hardly claim to be a singer, Miss Heydon," he protested, hopefully.

"I think you'd better let us judge for you," smiled Sheila, with the same bright firmness she had shown in lifting Mademoiselle's feet on to the sofa. "See if there's anything you like in the cabinet."

At that moment, Mrs. Carew-Poole looked up from her cards.

"My head's getting worse instead of better," she said. "I'd better have some more aspirins. And I left them in the vestibule."

But before she could move Sheila was at her side. "Let me get them for you. No, it's no trouble. None at all."

She was gone before Mrs. Carew-Poole finished her thanks.

That individual, let loose from the lounge, might take it into her head to wander upstairs for a handkerchief, cigarettes, or chocolates. And though, of all people in the house, she seemed the least likely to be mixed up in this trouble, she would probably make more talk than anyone else if she saw Ken coming out of any room but his own.

Besides, was she the least likely? Hurrying back down the hall, resolutely keeping her thoughts from Ken's silent movements upstairs, Sheila realised that, in point of fact, one was as likely to be concerned as another.

She passed them quickly over in her mind—poor little Mademoiselle, hating the Nazis, lauding the de Gaulles; incredible to imagine her mixed up in fifth columnism! Yet, if she were, what better disguise than her tremulous gratitude towards the country which sheltered her.

Daskey, apparently a pompous nonentity, was certainly obscure enough in all his references to himself to be anything from the head of the secret service downwards.

Palway, mild, courteous, ascetic—was he the villain par excellence, the good, old reliable wolf-in-sheep's clothing of whom she had read since she could follow mystery stories?

Was Lorie the lovely, harmless butterfly with a scorpion's sting under her wings?

Did the bridge four conceal beneath an almost incredible futility some sinister power?

Suddenly she remembered Ken's injunction—"Don't let your mind rove from one to another. Hold it to one thing, to keep them in the lounge till I get back."

To be continued

"As You Like It"

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Those Amazing Youngsters the QUIZ KIDS



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Com. August 31

Tues., 8 p.m.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

JUPITER, the planet of good fortune, promises aid and happiness to many people, and probably to Australia itself, early on August 29.

For most Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians, and many Scorpions and Cancerians, the coming week holds promise of opportunities, changes, and a turn for the better. Sagittarians, Geminians, and Pisceans, however, are now advised to take things quietly for awhile, avoiding changes, rashness, and upsets.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid aggression now, but consolidate recent gains and changes whenever possible. August 24 (before 8 a.m.) best, but August 28 to forenoon can be helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan ahead and work hard seeking desired gains, favors, and advancement now. August 25 (near sunset only) fair. August 21 (from sunset past midnight) very good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be guarded for some weeks, for difficulties, delays, and worries can prevail. August 24 and 25 very poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Modest opportunities now possible, so seek them. August 25 (near sunset only) fair. August 27 (before dawn) good, then fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Benefits (probably based on previous good work) or unexpected help possible on August 28.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be confident, diligent, and progressive this week, for advancement and gains can be achieved, especially near sunset on August 25, August 28 (to 9.30 a.m.), and August 31.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): August 28 (to 9.30 a.m.) and August 24 (to 8 a.m.) can be moderately helpful.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Things now improve somewhat, but avoid rashness. August 25 (near sunset) very fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be guarded. Pitfalls, worries, disappointment, ailments, and discord can abound if you are rash, especially on August 24, 25, 30 (evening), and August 31.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): August 31 (morning and afternoon) fair, from dusk past midnight very good. August 28 (dawn to 10 a.m.) can be helpful. Seek advancement now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Slight improvements now, but continue to take things quietly for a while.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Beware misjudgments, changes, discord, losses, partings, opposition, and general disruption and worry for some weeks to come. August 24, 25, late August 30, all August 31, especially poor.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead



"This is Harold. Ever since he enlisted in the camouflage department he's been completely lost in his work."

Fashion PATTERNS



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

THIS attractive centre mat (No. 387) is traced clearly on Indian muslin in lemon, green, pink, blue, white; also in blue, natural, pink, lemon green, white linette. It is stamped with an all-over conventional design, and worked in vivid shades. Buttonhole, stem-stitch, satin-stitch are the only stitches used, and the edge may be finished with a narrow hem, a binding or buttonhole and cut. Embroidery cottons not supplied. Size 18 x 18, price, 2/6. Postage, 1d.



SWISS WAISTCOAT OR VEST

TRACED on hard-wearing linette in attractive shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, natural and white, this dainty little waist jacket (No. 386) is stamped with the design all ready to embroider and sew together.

The edge is finished with blanket stitch or buttonhole; front is laced together with ribbon or cord to match embroidery cottons.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 3/6; 6 to 8 years, 4/3; 8 to 10 years, 4/11. Plus 2d. postage, and 4 coupons.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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To fit sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

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F2310.—Most beguiling style that will find a host of admirers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1½ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3162.—Smart, new design, featuring contrast waistband. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3249.—New and unusually charming floral frock. Sizes 32 to 38ins. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



CUTTING THE CAKE at their wedding reception at the Pickwick Club are L.A.C. Eric Cawley and his bride, Elva Burcher.



VIOLINIST Thomas Matthews and his wife, pianist Jessie Ralph, on Australia-wide tour for Red Cross, give Town Hall concert this Saturday.



AT OPPORTUNITY SHOP run by Peter Pan Free Kindergarten, Mrs. Peter Gibbs serves W/O Thomas Lancey, R.A.A.F., in Sydney on leave from Victorian R.A.A.F. station.

On and Off DUTY.

Y.W.C.A. is well pleased with its library project, which was commenced this year with an idea of directing and encouraging reading on important subjects. So far has arranged programmes to encourage reading of our own Australian authors, books on China, and this month project deals with Russia.

Servicewomen living at the "Y" organised the talk, "Art and Science in Russia," and various other groups have contributed to the programme.

Programme has been planned with the idea of suiting all age groups—there is even a quiz for junior groups.

The Bishop of Goulburn (Dr. E. H. Burgmann) speaks on August 31 on Russia's contribution to civilisation, and his talk will be preceded by an hour's programme by the Y.W.C.A. Recorded Music Club, which will present Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, with a commentary by George Farwell.

COUNTRY wedding of interest is celebrated at St. Andrew's Church of England at Wagga when Major C. P. Flint, A.I.F. (ret.), weds Ellen Tooth.

Bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tooth, of Wagga, is attended by Mrs. Ted Chaston and Doreen Williams. Bridegroom, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. C. E. Flint and of Mrs. Flint, of Hobart, Tasmania, is attended by Major P. Magillcuddy, A.I.F., and Captain P. Scanlon, A.I.F.

Reception is at St. Andrew's School Hall, and later bride and groom leave on their journey to Tasmania, where they will spend their honeymoon.

LUNCHTIME Music Club hold 38th concert in just over two years. Musical organiser, Sydney de Vries, tells me that in all club has presented 155 artists and works of 97 composers, including 17 Australian works.

President, Miss Margaret Gillespie, receives guests, who include Lady Love, Lady Davidson, Mrs. C. J. A. Moses, Mrs. W. Bearup, Dr. and Mrs. George Mackness, and Mr. J. Holmes.

LORNA MARY MACLEAN, A.A.M.W.S. (ret.), younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. W. MacLean, of Burradoo Park, Burradoo, announces her engagement to Francis Raymond Edwards, A.I.F. (ret.), only son of the late Mr. E. Edwards and of Mrs. E. Finlay, of Glenroy, Cudal.



MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S Church of England, Northbridge, are Lieut. W. Farram, A.I.F., and his bride, Hazel Symes.



SERVICEWOMEN'S HOCKEY. Watching A.W.A.S. v W.R.A.N.S. hockey match at University Oval are Wrens (seated), J. Furley, J. Medcal, M. Carroll, and (standing), M. Vaile and B. Bowden.



WEDDING AT ST. CANICE'S for Captain J. Sullivan, A.A.M.C., and Dr. Freda Roach, who were fellow students and graduated from Sydney University together.

WEDDING at St. Stephen's for Raynell June Arundell when she marries U.S. Warrant-Officer James W. Carver.

Bride is youngest daughter of Lieut. and Mrs. R. C. Arundell, of Lanassa Park, Lawson, and bridegroom is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. P. J. Carver, of Ogden, Utah, U.S.A.

Reception is held at the new Roosevelt Club.

NOTE from Young Chinese Relief Movement: £200, which represents proceeds of Dragon Festival Ball and several donations, is being forwarded through the Chinese Legation at Canberra to Chungking for Madame Chiang Kai-shek's "Warphans" and Honan Famline Relief Fund.

To celebrate China's National Day on October 10, movement will hold reception and dance at Grace Bros' Auditorium, which will be attended by the Chinese Minister, Dr. Hsu Mo.

OLD-WORLD frocking for Linda Swan when she marries Corporal Edwin Kells, A.M.F., at St. John's, Rockdale.

Bride, who is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Swan, of Carlton, is attended by her sister, Joy, and small Anne Tweedie is flower-girl.

Bridegroom is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kells, of Milton, South Coast.

EVELYN MAY GIBSON and Ernest (Wal) Little, who announce their engagement this week, are both defence workers.

Evelyn is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Gibson, of Leichhardt, and her fiancé is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Little, of Fivedock.

SECOND birthday party of A.I.F. Women's Club is held at Y.W.C.A., and birthday cake with two candles is central feature.

Lady Morshead (president) and Lady Butlers (Y.W.C.A. president), Mrs. P. S. Wilsallen, Mrs. R. Daley, and Mrs. W. Cotter Harvey among those present.

Club, which now has membership of 1100, offers as one of its chief services a creche for pre-school children, open from 1 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. each Friday. Creche recently extended to include children of non-club members, and children whose fathers are in the Navy, Air Force, and Merchant Navy.

PHOEBE ANEZA ZIMERIS, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Zimeris, of Rockdale, wearing sapphire-and-diamond ring since announcing engagement to U.S. Staff-Sergeant Milton Grossman, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Grossman, of Brooklyn, New York.

Milton produced the American Red Cross Show, "Miseries of '43," at the Red Cross Service Club last Easter.



INTERESTED in Society of Artists' Exhibition at Education Department Galleries are Art students Renee Fraser and Sylvia Rapley.



RED CROSS CHRISTMAS CARD Art Union is well under way, and special auxiliary workers, Mrs. Bruce Minell (left) and Thirza Hope, are busy sorting the cards.

FILM GUIDE

★ ★ My Favorite Blonde. A brisk melodramatic farce, laced with international intrigue, but paced in a light manner. Blonde Madeleine Carroll looks lovely, and is ideally cast as the British secret agent. She involves vaudeville star Bob Hope in a complicated situation, with a gang of Nazi spies hot on her trail, she seeks refuge in his dressing-room.—Regent; showing.

★ Bells of Capistrano. A standard Gene Autry Western, which the action fans will probably enjoy. The story is uninspired, and Autry still proves himself a stodgy performer. Heroine Virginia Grey shows more acting ability.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

High Explosive. Paramount again teams Chester Morris and Jean Parker in a dull little film, revolving around the men who take on the perilous job of driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine.—Regent; showing.

London Blackout Murders. Grim and eerie crime in London blackouts is theme of morbid drama. Neither John Abbott nor Mary McLeod is an appealing screen type.—Capitol & Cameo; showing.

RECEIVED CAMPAIGN RIBBON ON TOUR

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

WHEN fair-haired Marjorie Reynolds, Paramount star, returned from a camp entertainment tour in the Aleutian area recently she wore a Navy campaign ribbon with a star, which signifies that she has been under fire.

How she qualified for the ribbon and star remains a secret until after the war. Marjorie would only tell me that a high-ranking naval officer presented it to her on the way home from her one-woman tour.

Marjorie lost 15lb. on the strenuous trip.

"I was away seven weeks, and flew seven thousand miles, and actually went half-way to Tokio," she said.

"The exact route is secret, but I followed the route of Bob Hope.

"I travelled alone except for an Army officer guide, and thought at first my show might be inadequate, as it was only 45 minutes of tap-dancing, singing, and joking.

"But wherever I went I was welcomed like a long-lost sister.

"At some of the bases the boys hadn't seen a woman for two years.

"The boys particularly liked my singing 'White Christmas' to the accompaniment of Bing Crosby's voice on a gramophone record.

"Living conditions were hard, and I was cold all the time until the Navy gave me a fur parka."

(A parka is a garment designed by Sir Hubert Wilkins, and worn by arctic troops.)

Most of the time Marjorie lived on dehydrated foods.

"In some places there was no sign of vegetation except the frozen tundra grass," she said.

"In spite of the hardships the men were cheerful, and very ingenious, too.

"At one post they made a drum from caribou skin and an old tin to accompany me in dance.

"The only form of entertainment the men have is movies, some many years old. All are eagerly watched as they flicker over the improvised screens."

After visiting the camps Marjorie went to a hospital, where she chatted with the men and autographed plaster casts and hundred-dollar bills—for there is no way of spending money at many bases.

"I am anxious to leave again for a tour anywhere in the world," Marjorie said.

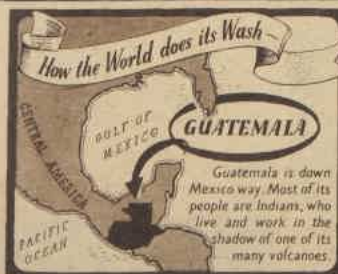
"I would return to Alaska tomorrow if they asked me. One cannot over-emphasise the joy brought to the soldiers by anybody from home."



Movieworld

● Marjorie Reynolds votes her recent entertainment tour of the Aleutian area the most thrilling job she has ever done. Marjorie, whose husband, Jack Reynolds, is in the U.S. Navy, will be seen in Paramount's technicolor musical, "Dixie"—teamed

with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. Film is the life story of Daniel Decatur Emmett, originator of the American minstrel show, and composer of the famous American martial song, "Dixie." Bing plays Emmett, six of whose songs are featured.



1. Nature has laid on hot and cold water which comes in handy on wash-day! Women boil their clothes in a volcanic spring, then rinse in a fresh cold stream nearby.



2. A colourful sight is the array of richly-dyed shawls and embroidered blouses spread out to dry, with often ancient village gods in the background.



3. And so, clean clothes for market day! Even small children carry heavy rolls of home-spun blankets or balance baskets of fruit on their heads when the family goes to town.



4. No doubt these people would think of Persil as a kind of magic. And so it is! Its oxygen-charged suds get whites snowy, coloureds brilliant—with no hard rubbing at all.

The Australian Army Medical Women's Service (A.A.M.W.S.) enlist for full time duty, for service with hospitals, and the Medical Section of the Army generally. They were recruited in the first place largely from the ranks of the V.A.'s and already number upwards of five thousand.



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For the Family's Coughs and Colds

WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

RANDOM HARVEST



1 VICTIM OF AMNESIA after last war, Charles Rainier (Ronald Colman) escapes from asylum, and is befriended by kindly showgirl, Paula (Greer Garson).



2 CHARLES does not recover his memory, but develops talent as a writer, and after he and Paula are married he is offered position on a newspaper in Liverpool.



3 INJURED in car accident, Charles, on returning to consciousness, remembers former identity and life before the war, but nothing of Paula or life with her.



4 HE RETURNS to family, to find Kitty (Susan Peters) is in love with him.



5 HE REMARRIES Paula, who enters his new life as his competent secretary.

MGM's "Random Harvest" has a combination which makes a memorable film. The story is adapted from James Hilton's best-seller, and as its co-stars this film brings together for the first time Ronald Colman and Greer Garson. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed "Blossoms in the Dust," and Sydney Franklin, who produced "Mrs. Miniver," two of Greer's outstanding hits, are the director-producer team of "Random Harvest."



6 WHEN PAULA decides to leave Charles the past is reopened and they are united again.

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VERY LIGHT	BLUE	BLONDE	VERY LIGHT
FAIR	BAY	LIGHT	FAIR
CREAM	GOLDEN	BROWN	CREAM
ROSE	HAZEL	RED	ROSE
RED	BROWN	BLACK	RED
SHADOW	BLACK	BLACK	SHADOW
WICKED	WICKED	WICKED	WICKED
WICKED	WICKED	WICKED	WICKED

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ TOWN _____ STATE _____

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FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON
BOX 1942, G.P.O. SYDNEY

The Chinese influence . . .

● Adapted from the design of a coolie hat, this blue felt has ribbon slotted through the crown, making a bandeau and bow to anchor it to the head.



● Gay Chinese red for a short wool coolie jacket, fastening with one button at the neck and trimmed with vertical split pockets. With it wear a small felt pointed beret.

● A simple shirtmaker of green woollen is outlined with yellow wool braid and has pockets embroidered with Chinese dragons in yellow. Wear with it a tiny Chinese-looking beanie. (Above.)

● A tunic modelled on the lines of a Chinese dress with slit sides. This can make an attractive disguise for an old dress or skirt. With it is shown a felt beret in coolie hat style. (Right.)

● Idea for a renovation with a Chinese flavor. A small cone-shaped felt with two camellias nestling in the dented front. Add a veil and it's a dressed-up model for a gay occasion.



QUANTITY CONTROLLED
BUT NOT QUALITY...

We thank all users of MOYGASHEL fabrics throughout the country for their support in the past and assure them that, although quantities produced will be much restricted this year, we shall do our utmost to satisfy their needs. Should they, however, have been unable to obtain MOYGASHEL fabrics, we ask their indulgence. We look forward with sure confidence to the time when production of MOYGASHEL fabrics will again be unrestricted.

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Dad's sharing his Vegemite with the boys behind the guns!

Our fighting men need all the Vegemite we can possibly let them have. They need it because it plays such a vital part in guarding them against that insidious "fifth columnist" — dietary deficiency. Vegemite, being a concentrated extract of yeast, contains the three important vitamins — B₁, B₂, and P.P. (the anti-pellagria factor).

In sharing available supplies of Vegemite with our fighting forces, you and your family are definitely helping the War Effort. So, if your local shop has less Vegemite these days, there's a sound reason why — until we have won this war, the boys behind the guns need all the Vegemite we can send them.



VEGEMITE

HE glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. "In a short time we go to the meeting with my fellow leaders of this section. You will enjoy meeting them, my friend."

Behind his smiling mask Schwartz was thinking, "I will, indeed." Jan Meers complained monotonously, "And then we will all die. Sooner or later they will catch us; mice nibbling at the edge of a continent as though it were a small cheese."

Schwartz threw Jan one fleeting, withering glance as Derek went on, "In a short time Jan will leave to assemble the others and bring them to the meeting place." In answer to Schwartz's questioning frown, "It was arranged that only Jan and I — and, of course, you — should know where we shall meet. Such things must be kept as secret as possible until the last moment."

"Naturally," Schwartz agreed quickly.

The need for quick action was goading him. He must get word at once to Heidi so that he could rush his troops to the Dyke and catch the Dutch as they came up to plant their explosives. He stood up suddenly, his face hardening. "Listen!" he cautioned. "There is someone outside."

As the others turned startled faces towards the door, he said, "Let me go and see." He brought back his smile. "I am used to seeing without being seen."

He slipped through the door and walked out to the ditch beside the road. He gave terse orders to one of his men; orders to carry to Heidi so that he could move on the Dyke with his men and the garrison from Lorcum. The others were to remain and follow to the meeting place, where they would round up the rest of the plotters when they were all together. Also, they were to allow Jan to pass.

He came back into the kitchen, saying, "It was just a patrol, walking beside the road. They have gone now."

Derek nodded his head. He turned to Jan and said, "It is time for you to go, Jan. You know what to do."

"Yes," Jan said wearily. As the door closed behind his dejected figure, Greta said softly, "Poor Jan. In spite of the way he talks he is useful."

Schwartz sat down and watched them: a fat old Dutchman, a beautiful woman, and a crippled man. Jan Meers was right. They were mice nibbling at a continent and dreaming lunatic dreams.

Somewhat later Derek suddenly announced, "It is time. We must go now."

They went out into the night. Schwartz walked beside Mies, helping him. On the other side of Mies he caught the glint of Greta's smile, and his pulses beat faster.

They crossed a field, followed a bushy hedge for a few hundred yards, and came out on a narrow road. Just ahead loomed the bulk of an old mill.

At Derek's signal they crouched beside the road. It was still, but, as he crouched there, Schwartz could hear sounds. He could hear men moving stealthily behind him. That would be his own men. He cursed them silently for their clumsiness. He saw Derek lift his head in caution. From far away he could hear the clump of military boots along the road, approaching them.

At that instant the sudden appearance of Jan at his elbow almost made him start with surprise. The man had approached without a sound. He came close, whispering in Schwartz's ear, "A sentry on patrol is approaching. I knew something like this would happen."

Schwartz nodded curtly.

The sound of feet came nearer. The sentry halted, and took up his position watching up and down the road.

Schwartz made up his mind swiftly. The sentry must not be allowed to spoil his plan. He whispered almost soundlessly to Jan, "Wait!"

He slipped back from the road, crept soundlessly through the darkness. Fifty yards below the sentry he crossed the road through the barbed wire, and as soundlessly crept around behind him. He slipped the knife out of the sheath at his side, and threw his arm around the man's neck, his forearm like a bar of steel across the throat, cutting off his shout of alarm.

Torchlight in Holland

Continued from page 5

He hailed the others softly, "The way is clear."

They crossed the road towards him, Derek and Jan with Mies and Greta. Just below the shattered mill Derek lifted what seemed to be a section of the grassy bank; a strip of wire netting cleverly camouflaged with thin sod. Behind the improvised curtain was a door. Derek opened it and went through the gap into utter darkness, the others following. Derek lit a candle and Schwartz saw they were in a low cave. The ceiling was the floor of the old mill above.

Schwartz's eyes searched the dim corners of the caves, and he asked sharply: "But the others? Where are they?"

Jan shrugged. "Should I lead them down the road like a Nazi parade? They are near. They watched us enter. Soon they will come."

Schwartz stifled a smile. The men outside had their orders. They would allow them to pass. The moment was at hand. Soon he would have the lot of them. The Torch included.

It came with the scratch of camouflaged netting outside. The door creaked faintly, and Schwartz felt the touch of fresh air drift into the cave. He stood up abruptly, his automatic in his hand.

Someone outside the door was whistling — a tune that lifted his lips in a grin of hatred. The whistle was soft lilting. This was The Torch. No one but he whistled that tune. "There'll Always Be An England."

Schwartz faced the door, the pistol steady in his hand. The Torch was about to enter. But behind him was a squad of the Gestapo's best. This time he had no chance.

Then something happened in the cave. Derek and Greta were watching him. There was the faintest smile curving Greta's lips. Old Derek was grinning broadly. Schwartz felt ice crawl along his spine. The whistle was not outside. It was with him there in the cave.

At first he thought the man had walked, ghostlike, through the earth wall. Then he saw that it was Jan Meers. But it was not Jan Meers. Jan had been sullen, sour, and defeated. This man was smiling broadly. He had an automatic pistol in his hand. The muzzle pointed at Schwartz.

The man behind the gun spoke. And it was not Jan's voice. It was a mocking, drawling voice that said, "Welcome to our parlor, little fly."

Feet sounded on the wooden steps. Schwartz half-turned, relief flowing back into him, replacing the cold terror that had struck for an instant.

But the terror returned, colder than ever. The two men at the bottom of the steps now were not his men. They were Dutchmen.

"You should make sure, Schwartz, that the man you are impersonating is not around before you take such risks," said Jan.

Mies said hoarsely, "But he rescued me. I do not understand."

"Clever little Nazi trick," Jan said smoothly. Only now Mies knew that this was not Jan Meers. This was The Torch.

The Torch went on, "Thank you, Schwartz. It was most kind of you to bring Mies to us. Although we would have got him out of your filthy gaol in any event."

Derek glanced at a watch he pulled from his pocket. "It is almost time," he said gruffly.

Schwartz had let the pistol drop from his lax fingers. He stared blankly down at it, then around the ring of faces, hardly comprehending rage seething through him. He met Greta's grey-green eyes, and they were laughing at him.

The Torch said in his mocking drawl, "I noticed you making sheep's eyes at her, Schwartz. Though I don't blame you. I'm rather fond of her myself. Meet Ingrid, Schwartz. Ingrid Haansen. There was a little matter of some U-boats you lost in Norway. When I left Norway Ingrid came with me. She makes an invaluable aide."

"What do you expect to gain by this, you fool?" Schwartz said harshly. "Heidi knows all about your plot to blow up the Dyke. I sent him word."

The Torch chuckled. "You're even duller than I thought, Schwartz. Of course you sent word to Heidi. You

saved us the trouble of doing it."

"Listen!" Derek said suddenly, raising his eyes from the watch.

The silence smashed with a terrific roar far out in the night. The cave shook and the candle flames shuddered.

"That was the ammunition dump at Lorcum, Schwartz. When you so kindly sent word to Heidi he sent the Lorcum garrison galloping over to the Dyke. That gave our men a chance to explode the dump."

The second roar followed on the heels of the first. The Torch's smile grew blander. "And that, my dear Schwartz, was the airfield. I wonder how Heidi feels lying with his men out by the Dyke waiting for the plotters who will never come."

The third roar was nearer, smaller. "That," explained The Torch, "was your precious gaol here in Grieten. The boys will have all the prisoners out by now." He turned to the two men at the foot of the steps:

"How about the boat?"

"It is in the river mouth waiting," the man answered. "Our prisoners are there, waiting."

The Torch nodded. "Great! Mies goes, too." He smiled at Schwartz again. "Wouldn't do at all to leave familiar faces around where Friend Heidi could pick them up again. Indeed, no!" He bowed to Schwartz. "Don't take it to heart, old man. You see, even as you knew I was coming, so we knew you were coming. But we have a habit of getting our information more accurately than you. So your little ruse blew back on you and you got singed. They'll fix that for you in England."

He turned to the men: "Smartly, boys! Heidi and his men will come tearing back. They must be on their way now. Get going."

Schwartz went out stiffly, walking like an automaton between the two men. The sky over Lorcum was a vast glare of light, still being split and shattered as ammunition exploded in Lorcum. There was a smaller glare over the airfield there. The barracks in Grieten blazed. The reflection played in the eyes of his captors and made it seem that even the flames mocked him.

In that moment he ceased to be Colonel Schwartz of the Gestapo. He was a stranger; a man who had nothing of philosophy or education or training to fit this moment. He wondered, briefly, bleakly, in his heart, if he were in some way a prophetic symbol.

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THE GIRL ABOVE with the beautifully tended hair is Fay Emerson, of Warner Bros. If you like her hair-do, copy it. It's a dignified style.



THE WOMAN with grey or greying hair can look years younger if she cares for her locks. Grooming important.



ONE HUNDRED STROKES with the brush every day is Eleanor Parker's rule for hair beauty. By the way, Eleanor is one of Warner Bros.' young beauties. Her hair is soft, lustrous from brushing.

Plea for good brushwork

• High wind plays havoc with your locks, so for beauty's sake massage your scalp and use the brush

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert

TO stimulate the scalp, massage your head well during the shampoo. Follow by a good towel rub.

Here is the proper way to brush your hair:

First make partings all over your head, dividing off one small lock of hair at a time. Then, beginning as near the roots as you can without brushing the scalp, draw the bristles the full length of the hair from roots to tips.

Brush each side of each lock of hair twice, and make sure that you are taking small enough locks for the bristles to touch every strand.

Of course, you can't do this thorough brushing every day, but try to do it once or twice a week.

Other days brush up from the roots and make a point of brushing in exactly the opposite direction from the way you usually wear your hair. Put your head down and brush from nape to hair tips and from forehead to tips all round your head.

Never slam the brush down on your head. Firm but gentle strokes will free your hair of dust and dandruff, and polish it beautifully.

Do remember that infections can

be carried by brushes and combs, and do not lend or share, if you can possibly avoid it.

When your brushes are not in use, put them somewhere—either wrapped in clean paper or in a drawer—to keep them free of dust.

And remember this: Combs are so fragile now that you must be extra careful not to break any of the teeth, for once one goes the others break off in no time.

When you wash your brush don't leave it soaking, back and all, in very hot water. Soaking ruins the

back and weakens bristles. Moreover, hot water deteriorates the wooden back.

Simply swish the bristles in warm, soapy suds and try to keep the back out of the water. Rinse the bristles in clear, warm water in which you have a sprinkle of borax.

Take care of your child's eyes

• Medico says children read too much in poor light, go to too many pictures.

"MY husband thinks that Ellen should have her eyes tested," said Mrs. Thursby, in a voice that plainly said he was quite wrong. In the chair sat her bright, healthy-looking twelve-year-old daughter.

"And how are your eyes?" I asked the child.

Mrs. Thursby was not to be put off. "Oh, they are quite all right," she said.

I turned on the test-chart light and asked Ellen to read the top letter. The chart was plainly visible, and to read the largest letter required a visual ability of only one-twentieth of normal.

"I can only see the top letter," she said quietly.

"Ellen, you must be able to see those letters! Look again!" cried Mrs. Thursby.

This same sort of story has been told many times in my rooms. A thorough examination of Ellen's eyes showed that the child is near-sighted, and will wear glasses for the rest of her life.

Had the mother been more observant and willing to admit a defect, Ellen would not have been so backward in her class.

Most babies are far-sighted, but as they grow the eye lengthens. To give perfect vision it has to stop at the right time. In some people this lengthening stops too soon, leaving them far-sighted; in others, it goes too far; leaves them near-sighted.

This growth is active between the ages of six and sixteen, and this is when the trouble starts. Children read too much, do near work in poor light, and go to too many pictures at a time when their eyes are not sufficiently developed to stand the strain.

Eye strain, however, is not the only cause of near-sightedness. Sometimes there are deficiencies in the formation of the eye.

This does not mean that children with near-sighted parents are born near-sighted, but it does mean that they have a tendency that way.

Near-sightedness can be recognised by a habit of blinking and squinting, or a refusal to sit anywhere else but near the screen at the pictures.

Glasses have to be prescribed, which is nearly always what parents wish to avoid.

In modern countries they have a special class for near-sighted children (there is one in Tasmania). There are large letters in the copy-book, large writing on the blackboard, and most of the teaching is done through the ear.

Children are often careless, and

don't care when or where they read. The amount of reading, the kind of lighting, the position they read in should be watched, and at no time let a child read in bed. Children should be encouraged to play out of doors, especially if they tend to become "book-worms."

Wedding Days

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
Alleyne Leslie answers some posers.



A: The groom has it! And what man doesn't get a kick out of buying flowers to match a petal-soft, wedding-day complexion? If you want to continue to inspire such feelings in his masculine heart, keep right on with Erasmic Cold Cream nightly. It preserves that orange-blossom look.



Q: A bridesmaid-to-be is Sally. When the bride slips away from the reception to change, what's her line—

1. Pair off with the best man?
2. Look after the guests?
3. Accompany the bride?

A: Your place is with the bride, my dear. After she's on her way there'll be time enough to make that indelible impression of yourself. Just make sure your skin is so alluring that the poor chap can't get you out of his head. Erasmic Vanishing Cream is your best friend and a shiny nose's worst enemy.

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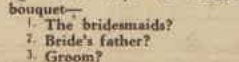
Q: Clare's invited to be bridesmaid and suddenly finds the best man is an ex-fiance who walked out on her three years ago. Should she—

1. Call the whole thing off?
2. Put on a brave face and see it through?
3. Confess all to the bride?

A: This is the chance you've been waiting for, Clare. You bet you see it through—and let Erasmic help you put on that radiant complexion men can't forget! Erasmic will make you a beautiful menace to every other girl and incidentally get that "ex" quietly pinching himself for being left at the post.

Q: Who buys the bride's bouquet—

1. The bridesmaids?
2. Bride's father?
3. Groom?



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The illustration . . .

HOMESPUN food, but it tastes good to a hungry family. The oxtail was cooked for hours in a sauce fragrant with herbs. The cabbage wedges and diced vegetables took a few minutes only. The apple cheese cakes are hot and spicy. Recipes are given on this page.

MINCEMEAT FLORENTINE

(Plain food with party gesture. There's spinach, because it's good for you and comes from the garden, anyway; and mincemeat, because there's left-over joint to cope with. The rest is culinary magic.)

Two cups cooked, finely chopped spinach; 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon minced onion, two cups finely minced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped celery leaves, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon white sauce, pepper and salt, 1 cup white sauce, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Pound the spinach, lemon juice, and onion, and fold in the stiffly whipped egg-white. Season further to taste, and place on the bottom of an oven-proof table dish. Combine the meat, celery leaves, parsley, and 1 tablespoon sauce. Season and place on the spinach. Beat the egg-yolk into the white sauce and pour over the meat. Sprinkle cheese on top, and brown and heat in a moderately hot oven. Serve with browned potato slices and herb-sprinkled tomato halves.

KIDNEY CASSELETTES

(For the on-leave party. Serve them piping hot or very cold.)

Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. dripping, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, cold water, six sheep's kidneys, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 1lb. bacon rashers thinly sliced.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and a good dash of salt and pepper. Rub in the fat. Mix to a dry dough with the Worcestershire sauce and a little water. Roll thinly, and line small patty-tins. Bake in a hot oven until crisp and lightly browned. Grill the kidneys, after parboiling, skinning, and halving. Mince and combine with the beaten egg, half the crumbs, the parsley, and onion. Season and place spoonfuls in the baked pastry cases. Sprinkle with the remaining crumbs and top with bacon rolls. Bake or grill until the bacon is sizzling and brown. Serve piping hot or very cold with salad greens and small tomato wedges.

OYSTER CHOWDER

(For a Sunday night supper, when you're spoiling the family or the lad is home on leave. Not very extravagant. Serve with little crisp, hot, freshly baked scones.)

One cup very thinly sliced onions, 3 cups diced peeled potatoes, 1oz. butter or margarine, 11/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 21/2 cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2oz. oysters with juice, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Melt the fat, add the onions, cover lightly and shake over low heat for few minutes. Add potatoes, salt, and water. Cover and gently simmer for 15 minutes. Bind the flour with a little milk. Add remaining milk, oysters, juice, lemon rind, pepper and salt, and heat. Add to the first mixture. Serve in bowls with tiny crisp, hot scones. Follow with a salad, and then, maybe wedges of chocolate pie and coffee.

EVERYDAY FAMILY DISHES

● Served with a flourish they take on new glamor and appetite appeal, says Olwen Francis, food and cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

COOKING was a dainty art in pre-war days. It's an art no less in these busy, hungry days.

It's an art that makes of gravy beef a succulent, satisfying steak; that makes of humble cabbage a vegetable as delicate to the palate as asparagus tips; that forgets the use of butter in the pan, of eggs in the sauce, or cream in the filling.

These days sharpen our culinary wits.

Our kitchen and our appetites approve the recipes on this page and recommend them for your day-by-day menus.

MEXICAN EGG ROLL

(For the meatless day. Make it deliciously light and flaky, and serve it piping hot.)

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 11/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1oz. beef dripping or dripping and lard mixed, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, four hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped green parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, 1 teaspoon dry

mustard (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon dry curry powder, milk, pepper.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in one quarter of the fat and mix to a light dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll to an oblong sheet. Spread on 1/3rd of remaining fat. Fold in three, and roll again. Repeat this process twice until the fat is used. Roll to a thin sheet. Chop the eggs finely and mix with remaining ingredients, moistening with milk. Spread on the pastry, roll up as for a swiss-roll. Bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) about 30 minutes. Serve in slices with a cheese sauce.

OLD-TIME GINGERBREAD

(Usually disappears while it's hot, which is too bad, because it is so good cold.)

Quarter cup dripping or lard, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup boiling water, further good pinch of soda, 11/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg.

Cream the fat and sugar and beat in the treacle and 1 teaspoon soda until light and fluffy. Add the pinch of soda to the boiling water, and add it to the creamed mixture alternately with the sifted flour, spices, and baking powder. Fold in the beaten egg, and mix well and lightly.

Pour into a greased and floured baking dish and stick the cloves on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes.

WAR CAKE

(If you must have cake, here's a good, honest cake, fruity and brown, and none cheaper came out of the oven.)

Half cup dripping, lard, or margarine, 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 1 cup chopped raisins or other dried fruits, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, 2 cups flour (white or wholemeal), 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Sift flour, soda, and baking powder. Put all the other ingredients into a pan and bring to the boil. Simmer for five minutes. Cool thoroughly. Add the sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Bake in a greased loaf-tin in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 45 minutes.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES

(Make them spicy, and open the kitchen door to get a fine, friendly smell in the house.)

Four ounces plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. dripping, water to mix; 1 cup apple pulp stewed fairly dry and sweetened and spiced to taste: 4ozs. self-raising flour, 1oz. dripping or margarine, 1oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, little milk, few pieces of candied peel.

Make a shortcrust pastry by sifting the plain flour, salt, and baking powder, rubbing in the dripping, and mixing to a dry dough with water. Roll pastry and line patty-tins. Place spoonfuls of apple mixture on the pastry. Sift the self-raising flour and cinnamon, rub in the fat, add the sugar, and mix to

a smooth, light consistency with the beaten egg, lemon juice, and milk. Drop spoonfuls of the mixture on the apple, top with peel, and bake in a moderately hot oven (375deg.-400deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve freshly made.

SAUSAGE COBBLER

(Only for the very hungry. Quick to make and serve in great wedges straight from oven to table. Salad and coffee to follow.)

One pound sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/8th teaspoon pepper, 1oz. butter, lard, or margarine, milk to mix.

Combine the sausage meat, parsley, tomato sauce and onion, and place in bottom of a greased sandwich tin. Sift the flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in fat and mix to a light, very soft dough with milk. Shape lightly to size of sandwich tin, and place on meat. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out, cut in wedges, and serve piping hot.

BRAISED OXTAIL

(A change for the menu. The addition of tomatoes or mushrooms the last 10 minutes of cooking is a party gesture. Little, whole onions are a favored addition, or curried suet dumplings.)

One oxtail, 11/2 tablespoons dripping, flour, pepper and salt, 2 cups water, 2 cloves, 1 bay-leaf, 3 or 4 sprigs of mint, 4 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs thyme, 1 large onion, 2in. curl lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Wash the oxtail, dry and cut in 2in. lengths. Roll in flour and saute in the fat until well browned. Add the remainder of flour, brown, and then add the water and seasonings. Add the sliced onions, cover, and simmer gently for 3 hours. Strain the sauce before serving.

BUBBLES --- UNDIES AND THE RAIN





HERE'S A DELICIOUS savory potato pie: Mashed potato is flavored with herbs, onion, grated cheese, beaten egg, salt, pepper, then piled into dish and baked until top is golden. Serve with peas, broad beans. Left: If you don't drink milk neat, then take it some other way. Janet Blair, of Columbia, pictured with sister, likes hot milk soup... stimulating, nourishing milk is added to stock, tomato puree.

Savory meatless dishes

● Nourishing and satisfying dishes, also spreads, capture prizes in this week's best recipe contest. One includes left-over meat.

IT'S a good neighborly habit to pass on recipe ideas in tune with the times. Other homemakers welcome them; you collect a cash prize for the small effort involved in writing out your recipe and posting to us.

Remember, prizes are awarded each week on this page for readers' recipes. So enter your very best home-tested recipe now!

SAVORY MOULD

This mould contains no meat, but is very satisfying and nourishing, and, with the addition of some

potatoes, makes a good dinner for growing children.

Take some stale bread and break it into small pieces, as much as will fill a pint basin. Pour on as much boiling milk as the bread will absorb, and beat well with a fork. Add four small onions, well boiled and chopped small, one tablespoon sage (powdered), one tablespoon oatmeal, one tablespoon tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well, adding two well-beaten eggs, and pour into a greased tin. Bake till firm and brown. Serve cut in slices on a hot dish, with vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Mary Dobson, 251 Oxford St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

MEATLESS SNACK

Mix together 4oz. fine breadcrumbs, 2oz. butter or dripping, a beaten egg, chopped onion, carrot, turnip, or potato. Add teaspoon powdered sage, salt and pepper. A chopped mushroom or a tomato may be added. Form into balls. Brush over with beaten egg, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, then fry a golden brown. Serve with brown gravy and vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush, N.S.W.

CORNEB BEEF AND ONION PIE

One and half pounds potatoes, 1 cup warm milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1th teaspoon pepper, 2 cups cold minced corned beef, 1 cup minced onion, 1 cup grated cheese.

Cook potatoes in salted water till tender. When soft, drain and mash, stir in warm milk, salt, and pepper. Beat till creamy. Add minced beef and minced onion.

Turn mixture into a greased shallow fireproof dish, sprinkle cheese on top and brown in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

ECONOMICAL SANDWICH SPREAD

Half-pound lentils, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon any thin sauce, 1 teaspoon dried mint, 1 teaspoon salt.

Stew lentils in enough water to cover. When soft, pour off liquid, and rub through sieve. Then put pulp into saucepan with all other ingredients; add a little liquid from lentils. Heat till well blended, and stir till mixture is smooth, then

Post-natal care is important

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

MUCH has been said and done about the pre-natal care of the mother, but the importance of proper care of the mother after the birth of her baby is often overlooked.

She has the care, solicitude, and help of her relations and friends during her pregnancy. But when her babe is born she ceases to be the centre of attraction, and, as a general rule, does not get the help and co-operation she so much needs.

Her friends often do not understand that the new mother has been through a big physical and mental strain; that she needs rest and quietness instead of many visitors and excitements; that her work should be lightened for her; and that she should have every consideration shown to her.

A leaflet dealing with proper post-natal care has been prepared by the Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and it will be forwarded if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with request.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft," and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



Men who have been through hell's fire and brimstone say there is nothing as soul destroying as a poor light to see by. Thus it is no wonder that those who use their eyes for vital war jobs demand the encouraging brightness of MAZDA Electric Lamps.

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"ITS QUALITY NEVER VARIES"



HE WANTS TO GROW UP LIKE DADDY

He's filled out so much lately, Daddy will scarcely know him for the same little boy he left at home. The credit for that belongs to Mummy. She knows how vitally important it is, in these days of recurring shortages, to guard against lack of essential food elements in a child's diet.

Horlicks provides these necessary food elements in correct balance. Horlicks is a complete food in itself. It contains up to 15% of first-class protein so important for building up sturdy young bodies.

Calcium... essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones... is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural

sugars in Horlicks provide extra energy almost at once.

These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not overtax your child's digestion. Children look forward to their regular Horlicks every day. Its mellow sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things. And mothers will find Horlicks economical in use. It is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



For Your Emergency Store

Horlicks is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken hot or cold. Horlicks keeps indefinitely. Always replace lid firmly when not in use.

HORLICKS
gives children extra energy.





This Pleasure will soon be Yours!

Whether he's six or sixty, good cooking is truly the way to a man's heart—and health! So here is specially welcome news to Australian housewives. World-famous as the best aerating ingredients for Self-Raising Flour and Baking Powder, "A&W" FOOD PHOSPHATES, are now being manufactured in Australia!

When the present defence commitments are fulfilled, gradually increasing supplies for civilian needs will be possible, and this will mean 100% success for your baking. The fact that "A&W" FOOD PHOSPHATES are exceptionally rich in highly nutritious and life-giving phosphates is particularly welcome news to Australians (see panel at right) for phosphates are indispensable to healthy teeth and bones, pure blood and all-round family health. This should mean Goodbye for ever to old-fashioned flour raisers . . . especially as there is no substitute equal to "A&W" FOOD PHOSPHATES!

The Pure Self-Raiser and Flour Enricher

A & W
FOOD PHOSPHATES

A PRODUCT OF
ALBRIGHT & WILSON
(AUSTRALIA) PROPRIETARY LIMITED
DISTRIBUTED BY IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

PHOSPHATE FACTS!

Extract from an Article by
Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.S.C., F.A.C.S.

"Night and day, the bones of our body are losing phosphate and getting a new supply from our food. This is necessary because of the tendency of the mineral in bone to become brittle. Should the phosphate of our food be insufficient for this purpose the bones become weak and the legs are unable to support the weight of the body and the teeth decay rapidly. If the food eaten by the mother is insufficient for the needs of the baby before birth and during suckling, the bones and teeth of the mother sacrifice a large part of their mineral substance in order that the child should not suffer. The increased needs of the expectant mother in phosphate intake are obvious. This danger of insufficient phosphate in our food is greater in Australia than in most countries, for nature has not been bountiful to Australia in this regard. Most of our soils show a percentage of phosphate which American agricultural experts believe to be below the minimum required for successful farming"

